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No. 843.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1843.

REVIEWS

Introductory Lectures on Modern History. By Thomas Arnold, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. 2nd edit. Fellowes.

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We rejoice at the opportunity of uniting in one review both these excellent works, and on that account regret less the late notice of the earlier publication. We have now before us the Theory and Practice of Historical Composition, by the same author—and that author the late Dr. Thomas Arnold, of Rugby. The death of this eminent scholar was a great loss to the highest class of literature (see *Athen.* No. 765). His judgment and taste were regulated by the purest principles; while the bent of his own mind disposed him to demand and recognize the progress of improvement in himself and in his friends, as also most prerogatively in the institutions of society. As his charity was universal, he hoped all things for the race; and the knowledge which he had gained of the past, only induced him to contemplate with increased serenity the future. Thus, he held, with Dr. Southey, that we are warranted by history in affirming that, on the large scale, the condition of humanity has improved, continues to improve, and evermore tends to a state of perfection, of which the most ideal anticipations are the truest. This view of the world demands a certain temperament, and is, perhaps, more dependent on its impulses than the results of logical process, or experimental effort. Be this as it may, it bespeaks an amiable and a generous heart, susceptible of the noblest impressions, and beating in the bosom of one who, while living, must be generally beloved, and when dead, sincerely lamented.

By the course of his studies, as well as by the idiosyncrasy of his genius, Dr. Arnold was strongly inclined to seek for the Law which lies at the base of all history; nay, he was convinced that he had found it, and mentions among his greatest troubles his experience that other minds were not as fully satisfied on the point as his own. He wished, therefore, to give a Scientific character to history, that the investigator may be no longer "turned adrift, as it were, on a wide sea, to navigate it as he best can, and take his own soundings, and make his own surveys." Using the word "political" in its most elevated meaning—as expressing the highest πολιτική of the Greeks—Dr. Arnold identified in one category the laws of political science and those of history. Both, "to his mind," were "absolutely certain;" hence, as he adds, "the lessons of any particular portion of history, supposing that the facts are known to us, appear to be certain also; and daily experience can scarcely remove my wonder at finding they do not appear so to others."

Notwithstanding, however, his firm faith in a fundamental principle of history, and of certain laws of historical science as the developments of that principle, Dr. Arnold was, in other respects, disposed to admit the validity of doubt in the course of historical investigation. At a time, therefore, when most of the learned were startled at the apparent scepticism of Niebuhr, Dr. Arnold sympathised with the German historian; and, even so early as the year 1824, applied to the Rev. J. C. Hare for information touching that writer's labours and merits. His influence ever after, on the whole frame of his thoughts, was of the most powerful kind; and he defended his character and authority with both zeal and discretion:—

"Nothing (he writes in his own history of Rome) is more unjust than the vague charge sometimes brought against Niebuhr, that he has denied the validity of all the early history of Rome. On the contrary, he has rescued from the dominion of scepticism much which less profound inquirers had before too hastily given up to it: he has restored and established far more than he has overthrown. Ferguson finds no sure ground to rest on till he comes to the second Punic War. In his view, not only the period of the kings and the first years of the commonwealth, but the whole of two additional centuries—not only the wars with the Equians and the Volscians, but those with the Gauls, the Samnites, and even with Pyrrhus, are involved in considerable uncertainty. The progress of the constitution he is content to trace in the merest outline; particular events, and still more particular characters, appear to him to belong to poetry or romance, rather than to history. Whereas, Niebuhr maintains, that a true history of Rome, with many details of dates, places, events, and characters, may be recovered, from the beginning of the commonwealth. It has been greatly corrupted and disguised by ignorant and unceritful writers; but there exist, he thinks, sufficient materials to enable us, not only to get rid of these corruptions, but to restore that genuine and original edifice which they have so long overgrown and hidden from our view. And accordingly, far from passing over hastily, like Ferguson, the period from the expulsion of Tarquinius to the first Punic War, he has devoted to it something more than two large volumes; and from much that to former writers seemed a hopeless chaos, he has drawn a living picture of events and institutions—as rich in its colouring, as perfect in its composition, as it is faithful to the truth of nature. Were I, indeed, to venture to criticise the work of this great man, I should be inclined to charge him with having overvalued, rather than undervalued, the possible certainty of the early history of the Roman commonwealth. He may seem, in some instances, rather to lean too confidently on the authority of the ancient writers, than to reject it too indiscriminately. But let no man judge him hastily, till, by long experience in similar researches, he has learnt to estimate sufficiently the instinctive power of discerning truth, which even ordinary minds acquire by constant practice. In Niebuhr, practice, combined with the natural acuteness of his mind, brought this power to a perfection which has never been surpassed. It is not caprice, but a most sure instinct, which has led him to seize on some particular passage of a careless and ill-informed writer, and to perceive in it the marks of most important truth, while, on other occasions, he has set aside the statements of this same writer, with no deference to his authority whatever. To say that his instinct is not absolutely infallible, is only to say that he was a man; but he who follows him most carefully, and thinks over the subjects of his researches most deeply, will find the feeling of respect for his judgment continually increasing, and will be more unwilling to believe what Niebuhr doubted, or to doubt what he believed."

Dr. Arnold had a right so to judge of Niebuhr, because he had gone over again the same ground. But, in ordinary cases, this dependence on the mere instinct of a writer is open to obvious difficulties. His own estimate of the qualifications of an historian was very high. Opposed in this and other respects to Dr. Johnson, his reverence for the historian's character and work was unfeignedly profound. History, to Dr. Arnold, was like the interior of St. Peter's at Rome, or the appearance of mountains; at first sight unsatisfactory, but, on acquaintance, convicting the beholder of incapacity to appreciate their greatness. What he saw, was not all that existed; but all that his untaught glance could master. In like manner, says Dr. Arnold, "history must be content to share in the common portion of everything great and good: it must be undervalued by a hasty observer." It bears, according to him, the same relation to society that biography does to an individual. It must find in its persons a common purpose, the accomplishment of which is the object of their common life, though perhaps un-

consciously; to show the development of this purpose is the proper subject of history, both in its external and its internal life.

In both these aspects, Dr. Arnold has contemplated the majestic history of the Roman State. Commencing in obscurity and fable, this mighty theme gradually acquires clearness and importance, as we trace it from the spring-head into the wide and deep river. Dr. Arnold has thrown the early legends and stories into an antiquated style, in order to mark them so as not to be mistaken, by even the most careless reader, for history. In this manner he tells us how Æneas went over sea from Troy to the land of the Latins: how Romulus and Remus were born, and suckled by a she-wolf, and fed by a woodpecker; how Numa Pompilius was chosen king; how Tullius Hostilius warred with the Albans; how the Horatii and the Curiatii fought; and how Horatius slew his sister; and of the good reign of Ancus Martius; with all other particulars relating to that heroic time. The stories, also, of L. Tarquinius Priscus, and the famous Augur, Attus Navius; of Servius Tullius; of Lucius Tarquinius the Tyrant, and the Sibyl; of Lucretia, and Lucius Junius Brutus, and his judgment on his two sons; with the worthy deed of Horatius Cocles, at the wooden bridge, nigh the hill Janiculum; and the bold deed of Caius Mucius, who burned his own hand in the fire, to prove his courage to King Porsenna; and also the great spirit of the maiden Cloelia; together with the wars between the Romans and Latins, on account of Tarquinius; and of the great battle by the Lake Regillus, so distinguished by the divine interposition of Castor and Pollux: these stories are banished, in a greater or less degree, to the mist-land of fiction. The stories of Coriolanus and Cincinnatus, as also the slaughter of the Fabii at the River Cremera, are, in like manner, declared to be, in great part, of a legendary character. With these poetical dubieties, vanishes, we fear, the entire popular history of Pagan Rome: as well, to the general mind, no history of Rome, as these to be no narratives of matter-of-fact! But, doubtless, fancy must yield to criticism. Yet, perhaps, if we find less of fact in these same soul-stirring arguments, we may, on strict investigation, discover, even on that account, all the more of truth. At the lowest estimation, they are parables, in which is veiled the very spirit of the Roman nationality; whence it became what it ultimately was, "great, glorious, and free," and a permanent example for the guidance and admonition of politicians and statesmen in all after-ages.

Spurius Cassius, we are told, was the first really historical character; and, by a singular compensation of fortune, remains purely so; no poet having sung his deeds, and the early annalists having branded his memory with charges of treason and attempted tyranny. Herein, however, they only repeated the language of the party who had destroyed him. To him, nevertheless, Rome owed her future greatness. It was he who, in his second consulship, concluded the league with the Latins; and in his third, that with the Hernicans. Also, at the price of his own life, he procured the enactment of the first agrarian law. The true character of this law was first explained by Niebuhr. The territory of the State being, in the first instance, divided equally amongst the citizens, every citizen was of course a landholder; yet, from the impossibility of cultivating all, a large part remained uncultivated, and was kept mostly as pasture. From this a revenue was raised, to which every citizen who turned out sheep or cattle upon it contributed: strangers, also, though incapable of buying land, might yet rent therein

a right of pasture for their flocks and herds. But as to new territory gained in war, individuals were allowed to occupy lands, and to enjoy all the benefits of them, on paying to the State the tithe of the produce; which done, they might even alienate the land which they occupied either for a term of years or for ever. The public land thus occupied was also made the means of admitting new candidates for citizenship. But there were difficulties in the way of this: a re-division of such land, and the ejection of many tenants, was necessary. A sacrifice of existing interests was implied; and such a measure was, in the eyes of the old citizens, revolutionary.

About twenty-four years after the expulsion of Tarquinius, such an agrarian law became expedient. It was, accordingly, proposed by Spurius Cassius; but the aristocracy (the old landholders, or citizens,) resisted him, and were headed by his colleague, Proculus Virginius. The measure was carried; but when the year of Cassius's consulship was over, care was taken by the burghers, assembled in their curia, that he should be accused and condemned. "He," says Dr. Arnold, "shared the fate of Agis, and of Marino Faleri: he was sentenced to die as a traitor, and was, according to the usage of the Roman law, scourged and beheaded, and his house razed to the ground."

The quotation of this brief sentence suggests to us a point of criticism which has frequently struck us in reading these volumes. It is our purpose to avoid in this instance, as much as possible pressing critical considerations, owing to the posthumous character of the publications under review; we rather seek to indicate their peculiar merit, and to show the serious student where his reading may be profitably bestowed. But the point of criticism we now wish to press, involves a question of taste worthy of consideration by the future historian. The reader will have already perceived that, in the sentence quoted, an attempt is made to illustrate an incident of ancient history, by reference to one in modern. This, besides reversing the usual process, produces an effect upon the mind which is at first, we must confess, unpleasant. Dr. Arnold, however, adopted the practice, to bring the subject home to the business and bosom of the living reader; nor do we mean to deny that for the living reader it is justifiable on the score of much utility. We cannot help feeling, however, that it offends some principle of harmony which strongly resents the violation: and that if in Herodotus or Thucydides, in Pliny, Cicero, Livy, or Dionysius, names of places and persons, ancient and modern, foreign and domestic, were blended together in one sentence as we frequently find them in Dr. Arnold's 'History of Rome,' the best scholars would be liable to great mistakes, and incur even inextricable perplexities. It is only because the reader knows that it is a modern Englishman writing of ancient Rome, and illustrating it by more recent and even contemporary experiences, that he is preserved from the error of confounding times and events;—nor would this knowledge save him, if he were not also acquainted from other sources with the date and *locale* of the illustrative matter. We mention this, that Dr. Arnold's example may not be taken as an authority for a licence which may be egregiously abused. For himself, the end perhaps justified the means, inasmuch as he declares in his preface the object he had in view—that of doing justice to his theme up to the extent of our present knowledge; since we who are now in the vigour of life possess, in his opinion, at least one advantage which our children may not share equally:—

"We have lived," he says, and how truly!—"in a period rich in historical recollections beyond all

former example; we have witnessed one of the great seasons of movement in the life of mankind, in which the arts of peace and war, political parties and principles, philosophy and religion, in all their manifold forms and influences, have been developed with extraordinary force and freedom. Our own experience has thus thrown a bright light upon the remoter past; much which our fathers could not fully understand, from being accustomed only to quieter times, and which again, from the same causes, may become obscure to our children, is to us perfectly familiar. This is an advantage common to all the present generation in every part of Europe; but it is not claiming too much to say, that the growth of the commonwealth, the true character of its parties, the cause and tendency of its revolutions, and the spirit of its people, and its laws, ought to be understood by none so well as by those who have grown under the laws, who have been engaged in the parties, who are themselves citizens of our kingly commonwealth of England!"

Such is Dr. Arnold's apology for the liberty which he has undoubtedly taken with the severe style which seems to be the due of history. We confess, however, that in the History of Rome as treated by him, we see again in a rude and rudimentary form the eternal contest between the aristocratic and democratic elements of society, and have besides its issue predicated. The original condition of a people soon ceases to be suited to their altered circumstances. What begins in inequality tends to equality. Preservation, where improvement is required, leads to injustice. It is folly, says Dr. Arnold, to think that men's institutions can be perpetual when every thing else in the world is continually changeable. When the conquered Latins, he adds, were first brought to Rome by those who were then the only Roman citizens, when they were allowed to retain their personal liberty, to enjoy landed property, and to become so far a part of the Roman people, it was not required that they should at once pass from the condition of foreigners to that of perfect citizens; the condition of Commons was a fit state of transition from the one rank to the other:—

"But after years had passed away, and both they and their original conquerors were in fact become one people above all, when this truth had been already practically acknowledged by the constitution of Servius Tullius; to continue the old distinctions was but provoking a renewal of the old hostility: if the burghers and the commons were still to be like two nations, the one sovereign and the other subject, the commons must retain the natural right of asserting their independence on the first opportunity, of wholly dissolving their connexion with those who refused to carry it out to its full completion. That their desire was for complete union, rather than for independence, arose over and above all other particular causes, from that innate fondness for remaining as we are, which nothing but the most intolerable misery can wholly eradicate."

Our space will not permit us to enter into the full particulars of this contest, and no power of condensation could bring into the limits of a few columns either the facts of, or the influences from the mighty subject before us. Roman greatness was not purchased at less expense than both foreign and internal contention. The sufferings of the Roman Commons after the well-known retreat of the Gauls, for instance, was of the most fearful description. If we know little of this period, it was because it lay in the very deepest darkness of misery—for long periods of general suffering make far less impression on our minds, than the short sharp struggle in which a few distinguished individuals perish. It was a period of quiet legalized oppression—that most deadly of all evils, says Arnold, "when law, and when religion herself, are false to their divine origin and purpose, and their voice is no longer the voice of God, but of his enemy."

—The actual distress endured by the Romans in the loss of their houses, and the destruction of their cattle and fruit-trees, few of which could

have escaped the hands of the Gauls during their long occupation of the city and territory of Rome, although secure for the time, would nevertheless have been diminished by the sense of its being the common portion, and would in time have been altogether relieved. But the attacks of foreign enemies rendered the *Tributum*, as a war-tax, constant and heavy—other taxes and burthens also bore on the means of the less wealthy with an unseasonable pressure. Debts were thus unavoidably contracted—the rate of interest on borrowed money became excessive; the law against insolvent debtors was ruinously severe. Accordingly every patrician house soon became a private gaol; but a gaol, in which the prisoners were kept to hard labour for the gaoler's benefit, or were at his caprice loaded with irons and subjected to the lash. Add to this, that the debts incurred by the prisoner were for no fault of his own, but were the consequence of an overwhelming national calamity, and of the want of consideration shown by the government for their state of distress. In all this the causal elements of a coming revolution are apparent enough. At length the "Man of the People" appeared in the person of Marcus Manlius. One day this heroic man saw a centurion who had served with him, and whom he knew to be a distinguished soldier, now dragged through the forum on his way to his creditor's workhouse. He hastened up, protested against the indignity, and himself paid the debt on the spot, and redeemed the debtor. The gratitude and the popularity which this act gained for him, excited him to proceed in the same course; he sold by public auction the most valuable part of his landed property, and declared that he would never see a fellow citizen made a bondman for debt so long as he had the means of relieving him. In this manner, he discharged no less than four hundred debtors! Hereby he justly won the name—"Father of the Commons!" His reward was imprisonment—suspicion—and the death of a traitor. Dr. Arnold concedes that his motives were not pure. Alas! Nevertheless, his work perished not. L. Sextius and C. Licinius adopted it, and, using more constitutional and calmer means, succeeded. The thence called Licinian laws embodied as much of good government and equitable legislation as the times were ripe for. The Commons were admitted to the consulship. From this point the greatness of Rome begins to unfold itself. Hitherto she has had no historian, poet, orator, nor philosopher. Henceforth, there is hope of all. But first she must be trained to perfection in the military virtues. For this (domestic struggles being ended,) are appointed the Samnite and the Latin wars; the details of which are graphically given in several chapters of Dr. Arnold's second volume.

The great merit of Dr. Arnold, as an historian, consists in his strong instinct for obtaining, by whatever means, the liveliest possible notion of the people, time, and place, that form his theme, and graphically describing them with such peculiarities, and such adjuncts of sunlight and shadow, as could be procured by consulting documents or by instituting analogies. He proceeded very much after the fashion of the dramatist, and selected from all sources whatever was needful to make up his stage-picture and moving panorama. Modern history was his principal source of illustration, and he read the past with the spectacles of the present. He made little account of antiquarianism. Only so far as we see and understand the present, we see and can understand the past. How, he demands, can he comprehend the parties of other days, who has no clear notion of those of his own? He who feels his own times keenly, will write a lively and impressive account of past times.

On philological acquirements he placed great value, but greater, perhaps, on geographical knowledge. Archdeacon Julius C. Hare, in editing the third volume of the History of Rome, remarks at length on Dr. Arnold's able qualifications in this kind,—asserting, moreover, that our author is “the first who has given anything like an adequate representation of the wonderful genius and noble character of Hannibal.” As what the historian says of this hero will serve to exhibit his style in some of its best phases, we shall extract it:—

“Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the commonwealth, and which threatened either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe.”

This is the perfection of a prose style,—easy, animated, and transparent; but the passage has a still higher merit—it indicates the presence of the true statesman's mind in the writer. We recognize the man of large views and far-reaching purposes. All the more have we reason to regret, that death stepped in before the completion of his mighty theme. To him Rome was a sign, and he would have shown us what it signified. He was pledged to this. The mystery yet perplexes the nations. As it is, he stops short—far short even of the production of “the Cæsar,” in the gradual development which, in his mind, was growing harmoniously with that of his immortal argument.

Ere she grew to empire,
Rome was a savage den of robbers, where
Each strove for mastery, and each rose up
To hinder other than himself from ruling;
Till the collision,—rude as it might be,—
Struck out the Cæsar, like a glorious light,
The extract of their virtue, and its crown.

This marvellous result it was not given to him to trace; neither its immediate causes, nor its consequences. We have so far lost what instruction could be given to us by a man truly

wise—instruction which we had anticipated with eager hope and much pleasure. Perhaps, however, enough has been done for the present. Materials are, in fact, yet wanting for a perfect history of Rome:—some are even now in process of discovery. It would have been well if Dr. Arnold could have waited for these. He felt that, without them, his own production was so defective, that another and better history would be necessary. To this we must now look forward. When the documents are producible, the competent historian will be found.

A Christmas Carol; in Prose; being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. Chapman & Hall.

A tale to make the reader laugh and cry—open his hands, and open his heart to charity even towards the uncharitable,—wrought up with a thousand minute and tender touches of the true “Boz” workmanship—is, indeed,

—a dainty dish to set before a King.

Smellfungus himself would be puzzled how to cut up this jovial, genial piece of Christmas fare otherwise than lovingly. We shall only pretend to give the hungry, happy reader a slice, by way of staying his appetite till the entire treat smokes with a rich savour on his own table.

The idea of this Ghost-Carol, is simple enough; but we shall leave it to Mr. Dickens to develop the mystery, and content ourselves with a picture or two. The first, a Christmas morning-piece, will make holiday mouths water:—

“The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been ploughed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and waggons; furrows that crossed and re-crossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad, that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavoured to diffuse in vain. For the people who were shovelling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee; calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right, and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apocryphal opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish Onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish Friars; and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by, and glanced demurely at the hung-up misletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeeper's benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk Biffins, squab and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement. The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'; nearly closed, with perhaps

two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and so straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress: but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day, that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humour possible; while the Grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection, and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.”

After this glorious panorama, we must have a cabinet picture. The dinner which follows is laid in the house of a poor clerk. The mother and resident daughter have been too anxiously employed all the morning to stir abroad; another daughter has just come home for her holiday; and the father, come home from church, has laid by his worsted comforter with its long fringe, resolved to have one merry day:—

“‘Why, where's our Martha?’ cried Bob Cratchit looking round. ‘Not coming,’ said Mrs. Cratchit. ‘Not coming!’ said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood-horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. ‘Not coming upon Christmas Day!’ Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper. ‘And how did little Tim behave?’ asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content. ‘As good as gold,’ said Bob, ‘and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see.’ Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession. Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigour; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set out, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when

the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah! There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon a dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witnesses—to take the pudding up, and bring it in. Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose! a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed. Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top. Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing. At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel-full of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass: two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle. These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and crackled noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us! Which all the family echoed. 'God bless us every one!' said Tiny Tim, the last of all. He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him."

We can positively make room for nothing more after such a noble meal. How the sight thereof, and of similar scenes, with sundry ghastly contrasts, works upon the close heart of the miser, Scrooge, and what becomes of Tiny Tim, is most capitally *carolled* in prose by Mr. Dickens; and will call out, we hope, a chorus of "Amens," in the shape of kindly sympathies and bounteous deeds, from the Land's End to John o'Groat's House.

Contributions to the Edinburgh Review. By Francis Jeffrey.

[Second Notice.]

THE publication of the Correspondence between Mrs. M'Lehose, (all that was wanting, we believe, to complete the works of the Scotch lyrist,) has led us to turn to Mr. Jeffrey's critique upon the edition of Burns by Mr. Cromek, which appeared in 1808. The following remarks upon his prose composition coincide entirely with the opinion we have ourselves expressed:—

"The prose works of Burns consist almost entirely of his letters. They bear, as well as his poetry,

the seal and the impress of his genius; but they contain much more bad taste, and are written with far more apparent labour. His poetry was almost all written primarily from feeling, and only secondarily from ambition. His letters seem to have been nearly all composed as exercises, and for display. There are few of them written with simplicity or plainness; and though natural enough as to the sentiment, they are generally very strained and elaborate in the expression. A very great proportion of them, too, relate neither to facts nor feelings peculiarly connected with the author or his correspondent—but are made up of general declamation, moral reflections, and vague discussions—all evidently composed for the sake of effect, and frequently introduced with long complaints of having nothing to say, and of the necessity and difficulty of letter-writing."

The reviewer seems to have hit with precision the worst feature of Burns's moral character, and the censure it draws down is not more severe than just:—

"But the leading vice in Burns's character, and the cardinal deformity, indeed, of all his productions, was his contempt, or affectation of contempt, for prudence, decency, and regularity; and his admiration of thoughtlessness, oddity, and vehement sensibility;—his belief, in short, in the *dispensing power* of genius and social feeling, in all matters of morality and common sense. This is the very slang of the worst German plays, and the lowest of our town-made novels; nor can anything be more lamentable, than that it should have found a patron in such a man as Burns, and communicated to many of his productions a character of immorality, at once contemptible and hateful. It is but too true, that men of the highest genius have frequently been hurried by their passions into a violation of prudence and duty; and there is something generous, at least, in the apology which their admirers may make for them, on the score of their keener feelings and habitual want of reflection. But this apology, which is quite unsatisfactory in the mouth of another, becomes an insult and an absurdity whenever it proceeds from their own. A man may say of his friend, that he is a noble-hearted fellow—too generous to be just, and with too much spirit to be always prudent and regular. But he cannot be allowed to say even this of himself; and still less to represent himself as a hare-brained sentimental soul, constantly carried away by fine fancies and visions of love and philanthropy, and born to confound and despise the cold-blooded sons of prudence and sobriety. This apology, indeed, evidently destroys itself: for it shows that conduct to be the result of deliberate system, which it affects at the same time to justify as the fruit of mere thoughtlessness and casual impulse."

There is much of the vice here reprobated in the letters of Sylvander. Mr. Jeffrey adds:—

"This pitiful cant of careless feeling and eccentric genius, accordingly, has never found much favour in the eyes of English sense and morality. The most signal effect which it ever produced, was on the muddy brains of some German youth, who are said to have left college in a body to rob on the highway! because Schiller had represented the captain of a gang as so very noble a creature.—But in this country, we believe, a predilection for that honourable profession must have preceded this admiration of the character. The style we have been speaking of, accordingly, is now the heroics only of the hulks and the house of correction; and has no chance, we suppose, of being greatly admired, except in the firewell speech of a young gentleman preparing for Botany Bay. It is humiliating to think how deeply Burns has fallen into this debasing error. He is perpetually making a parade of his thoughtlessness, inflammability, and imprudence, and talking with much complacency and exultation of the offence he has occasioned to the sober and correct part of mankind."

This was written in 1809. The writer has lived to see a daring and systematic attempt to establish a school of literature upon the principles of Burns, pushed to the most profligate extreme. We were actually in some danger, for a season, of having the "heroics of the hulks and the house of correction" established in the room of Milton and Shakspeare. Jack Sheppard threatened to supplant Coriolanus and

Hamlet, and the heroes and heroines of Milbank Penitentiary bid fair to cast the Romans and Rosalinds into the shade. A deliberate effort was made to invest not only rapine but murder with the charms of romantic virtue, and to hold up to ridicule and contempt, and even as proper objects of spoil and outrage, "the sober and correct part of mankind," meaning thereby all who had no fancy to connect themselves with gangs of thieves—no taste for picking pockets, or no divine impulse to cut a throat in Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, for the sake of a watch and some loose silver.

The criticism, also, of the following remarks is so just, that we extract them with pleasure:

"Akin to this most lamentable trait of vulgarity, and indeed in some measure arising out of it, is that perpetual boast of his own independence, which is obtruded upon the readers of Burns in almost every page of his writings. The sentiment itself is noble, and it is often finely expressed;—but a gentleman would only have expressed it when he was insulted or provoked; and would never have made it a spontaneous theme to those friends in whose estimation he felt that his honour stood clear. It is mixed up, too, in Burns with too fierce a tone of defiance; and indicates rather the pride of a sturdy peasant, than the calm and natural elevation of a generous mind. The last of the symptoms of rusticity which we think it necessary to notice in the works of this extraordinary man, is that frequent mistake of mere exaggeration and violence, for force and sublimity, which has defaced so much of his prose composition, and given an air of heaviness and labour to a good deal of his serious poetry. The truth is, that his *forte* was in humour and in pathos—or rather in tenderness of feeling; and that he has very seldom succeeded, either where mere wit and sprightliness, or where great energy and weight of sentiment were requisite. He had evidently a very false and crude notion of what constituted *strength* of writing; and instead of that simple and brief directness which stamps the character of vigour upon every syllable, has generally had recourse to a mere accumulation of hyperbolic expressions, which encumber the diction instead of exalting it, and show the determination to be impressive, without the power of executing it. This error also we are inclined to ascribe entirely to the defects of his education. The value of simplicity in the expression of passion, is a lesson, we believe, of nature and of genius;—but its importance in mere grave and impressive writing, is one of the latest discoveries of rhetorical experience."

No national partiality appears to have influenced Mr. Jeffrey in his judgment upon either the character or the poetry of Burns. We need scarcely say that he commends with rapture the peculiar beauties of the latter, and the general opinion coincides with his, that "the best pieces are written in Scotch." The reviewer's observations on the *language* of Burns are important:—

"We beg leave too, in passing, to observe, that this Scotch is not to be considered as a provincial dialect—the vehicle only of rustic vulgarity and rude local humour. It is the language of a whole country—long an independent kingdom, and still separated in laws, character, and manners. It is by no means peculiar to the vulgar; but is the common speech of the whole nation in early life—and, with many of its most exalted and accomplished individuals, throughout their whole existence; and, though it be true that, in later times, it has been, in some measure, laid aside by the more ambitious and aspiring of the present generation, it is still recollected, even by them, as the familiar language of their childhood, and of those who were the earliest objects of their love and veneration."

In the articles on Cowper, and on the several works of Crabbe, there is much earnest and eloquent discussion on the sources of poetry. We shall quote one or two positions which appear at first sight to be of unquestionable truth, but which, nevertheless, it is not very easy to reconcile with the phenomena of our own literature:—

"In point of fact, we are all touched more deeply, as well as more frequently, in real life, with the sufferings of peasants than of princes; and sympathise much oftener, and more heartily, with the successes of the poor, than of the rich and distinguished."

Again:—

"It appears to us to be certain, that where subjects, taken from humble life, can be made sufficiently interesting to overcome the distaste and the prejudices with which the usages of polished society too generally lead us to regard them, the interest which they excite will commonly be more profound and more lasting than any that can be raised upon loftier themes; and the poet of the Village and the Borough is oftener, and longer read, than the poet of the Court or the Camp. The most popular passages of Shakespeare and Cowper, we think, are of this description: and there is much, both in the volume before us, and in Mr. Crabbe's former publications, to which we might now venture to refer, as proofs of the same doctrine. When such representations have once made an impression on the imagination, they are remembered daily, and for ever. We can neither look around, nor within us, without being reminded of their truth and their importance; and, while the more brilliant effusions of romantic fancy are recalled only at long intervals, and in rare situations, we feel that we cannot walk a step from our own doors, nor cast a glance back on our departed years, without being indebted to the poet of vulgar life for some striking image or touching reflection, of which the occasions were always before us, but—till he taught us how to improve them—were almost always allowed to escape."

We are tempted to offer a few observations upon the theory here propounded, for we more than doubt its correctness. The name of Shakespeare might have made the reviewer pause. Is Shakespeare the "poet of vulgar life," in the sense that Crabbe is? Are "the most popular passages of Shakespeare" of the same description as the poetry of "the Village and the Borough"? Which are the most popular passages of Shakespeare? Which the most popular of his plays? We should say Hamlet, Julius Caesar, Macbeth, Othello, Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, and a few of the historical dramas. If Shakespeare is still the most popular poet in the English language, from what sources chiefly has he extracted poetic interest? Certainly much oftener from the "sufferings of princes" than of "peasants." Indeed, it is remarkable that no tragedy or affecting play of Shakespeare is founded upon a tale of domestic life, even in the middle classes of society. Where there are not kings and queens, there are at least dukes and countesses. The only purely middle-class play is the Merry Wives of Windsor, the poetry of which seems as distinct from that of "the Borough," as one thing can be from another. It is true that Crabbe has elicited poetry from the details of rural and municipal life, but it is equally true that the acknowledged chief of poets has preferred the development of human feelings and passions in the characters of monarchs, generals, warriors, magistrates, cardinals, bishops, princesses, dukes, and earls. The dramatists cotemporary with Shakespeare frequently draw their plots and characters from the circumstances of middle life; but Shakespeare never does. Desdemona is the daughter of an illustrious Venetian; Ophelia of a noble Dane; Cordelia of a king of England. Are we the less moved by their sad fortunes on account of their elevated stations? Ought Shakespeare to have made Desdemona the daughter of a linen-draper, or made the sire of his Ophelia a "fish-monger" indeed? Would Cordelia's sorrows touch us more deeply, if Lear was a green-grocer? The reviewer seems to be of this opinion, for he expressly says—"a powerful effort to interest us in the feelings of the humble and obscure will usually call forth more deep, more numerous, and more permanent emotions than can ever be excited by the fate of princesses

and heroes." It is strange that no "powerful effort" of this kind has yet been made by any poet, in any language, with an effect at all to be compared with that which Shakespeare has produced by his Lear, his Coriolanus, his Juliet, or his Constance. The Greek dramatists worked upon the same principle, and moved the pity or the terror of their democratic audiences by the misfortunes and passions of heroic or of royal life, of a Philoctetes, an Orestes, an Electra, a Medea. We cannot allow that either Sophocles or Shakespeare took their subjects from these lofty regions, out of any deficiency of power to invest humbler scenes and humbler personages with tragic interest. According to the Edinburgh reviewer, "Where a subject taken from humble life can be made sufficiently interesting to overcome the distaste and the prejudices with which the usages of polished society too generally lead us to regard them, the interest which they excite will commonly be more profound and lasting than any that can be raised by loftier themes." If so, all that is wanting to overtop Shakespeare and "sweet Electra's poet," is a sufficiently high degree of art: the dramatic skill to make a hero of some Mycillus of Athens, or convert a Mrs. Gilpin, of London, to the uses of a tragedy-queen. We have a high opinion of the powers of Crabbe in his peculiar walk; but the poets "of the Court and Camp" have not yet been surpassed by the poets of the "Village and the Borough." The truth seems to be, that we are too painfully affected by the calamities of the middle walks of life, to delight most in the poetry that reproduces them. We are lowered by the spectacle of misfortunes incident to our own class of society, while those that affect the higher strata have a pleasing tendency to exalt us. In our sympathy with a suffering king or afflicted princess, there is no more pain than we can easily endure. We are even gratified by that ideal vicinity to the high places into which we are brought by the distresses of the great. The poetry that exposes the agonies of a queen's heart, or represents the struggles of a great chieftain with his destiny, is a lively and flattering demonstration of the radical equality which subsists amongst men. Then it is also to be remembered that, by virtue of this same law of equality, the poet "of the Court and the Camp" has all the great materials of poetic interest at his command, as much as the poet who sings of Sully or of Edward Shore. The pangs of a mother reft of her children are as agonizing in a palace as in a cottage. The terrors of a conscious murderer are as appalling in a Macbeth as in a Sykes. The suicide of Ophelia is not less affecting than that of a sempstress in Oxford Street. We have, however, extended these remarks far enough for an incidental discussion.

Considering that Mr. Jeffrey thought highly enough of Cowper to place his name beside that of Shakespeare, (Lieutenant-Colonel Dalhousie beside the God of War!) his critiques on Wordsworth must be allowed to have been harsh. To this opinion he is now disposed himself, for we find the following note appended to his trenchant review of the Excursion, beginning with "This will never do!"

"I have spoken in many places rather too bitterly and confidently of the faults of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry: And forgetting that, even on my own view of them, they were but faults of taste, or venial self-partiality, have sometimes visited them, I fear, with an asperity which should be reserved for objects of Moral reprobation. If I were now to deal with the whole question of his poetical merits, though my judgment might not be substantially different, I hope I should repress the greater part of these *vicacités* of expression: And indeed so strong has been my feeling in this way, that, considering how much I have always loved many of the attributes of his Genius,

and how entirely I respect his Character, it did at first occur to me whether it was quite fitting that, in my old age and his, I should include in this publication any of those critiques which may have formerly given pain or offence, to him or his admirers. But, when I reflected that the mischief, if there really ever was any, was long ago done, and that I still retain, in substance, the opinions which I should now like to have seen more gently expressed, I felt that to omit all notice of them on the present occasion, might be held to import a retraction which I am as far as possible from intending; or even be represented as a very shabby way of backing out of sentiments which should either be manfully persisted in, or openly renounced, and abandoned as untenable."

However, in the article on the Excursion, there is some admiration to qualify the general severity of the censure. But the merciless review of the White Doe of Rylstone is reprinted likewise, and the critic thinks it necessary to offer an excuse for its re-appearance. If an excuse was called for, Mr. Jeffrey's is a good one: he continues to think the White Doe "the very worst poem ever imprinted in a quarto volume," and the public pretty generally agree with him in opinion.

One of the faults of Mr. Jeffrey's style is a certain pertness of expression, which easily degenerates into vulgarity, and sometimes imparts offensiveness to his strictures. He appears occasionally to mistake flippancy for wit, and a shrewish strain of observation for a pungent one. We could illustrate from the articles on Wordsworth, amongst others; yet, in the main, Mr. Jeffrey is a solid as well as a brilliant writer: he possesses a strong sense of the ridiculous, which now and then, perhaps, transports him too far, and must irritate extremely the objects of his laughter; but it must be acknowledged that in the course of thirty years he had a prodigious mass of folly, conceit, and affectation to deal with, and that, upon the whole, he has employed his powers of critical castigation with good faith, as well as a strong arm, and has contributed his full share amongst the best writers of the day, to diffuse a genuine and healthy, instead of a spurious and morbid taste in literature.

The school of Wordsworth can hardly complain that the *Edinburgh Review* has done them a wrong, for the poetry of their chief is largely quoted, whether for praise or censure. It cannot be said that an unfair selection of passages was made by Mr. Jeffrey, in order to support a general charge of affectation and absurdity, for we have ourselves heard several of Mr. Wordsworth's idolaters pronounce some of the extracts from the Excursion, most unsparingly ridiculed by this reviewer, to be amongst the finest passages of that poem,—for example, the description of the "lamb" with a "solemn bleat"—

— "List!—I heard,
From yon huge breast of rock, a solemn bleat!
Sent forth as if it were the Mountain's voice!
As if the visible Mountain made the cry!
Again!—The effect upon the soul was such
As he express'd; for, from the Mountain's heart
The solemn bleat appear'd to come! There was
No other—and the region all around
Stood silent, empty of all shape of life.
—It was a lamb—left somewhere to itself!"

Amongst the ethical services which Mr. Jeffrey may boast of, in connexion with his critical labours, may be mentioned his reproof of the fiery but gloomy spirit, and false philosophy of Lord Byron, which caught such fast hold, for a season, of the public mind, and exercised, while the delusion lasted, a most baneful influence upon taste and morals. After a quotation of some fierce, unnatural stanzas from the third canto of Childe Harold, and some just commentary upon them, the reviewer makes the following sound observations:—

"It will be found, we believe, accordingly, that the master spirits of their age have always escaped the unhappiness which is here supposed to be the in-

evitable lot of extraordinary talents; and that this strange tax upon genius has only been levied from those who held the secondary shares of it. Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining, or fierce intolerance, may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets, we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two, certainly, of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy;—but he was not in earnest; and, at any rate, was full of conceits and affections; and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament;—and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel."

This is excellent, with the single exception of what is said of Cowley, that he has "nothing to make us proud of him!" Had Mr. Jeffrey forgotten the Anacreontics and the "Hymn to Light"? With all his great faults, Cowley was a man of genius, and soared now and then far above the highest flight of many a poet of a hundred times his popularity.

It is curious now to look back to the notice in the *Edinburgh Review* of the first novel of Sir Walter Scott:—

"It is wonderful what genius and adherence to nature will do, in spite of all disadvantages. Here is a thing obviously very hastily, and, in many places, somewhat unskillfully written—composed, one half of it, in a dialect unintelligible to four-fifths of the reading population of the country—relating to a period too recent to be romantic, and too far gone by to be familiar—and published, moreover, in a quarter of the island where materials and talents for novel-writing have been supposed to be equally wanting: And yet, by the mere force and truth and vivacity of its colouring, already casting the whole tribe of ordinary novels into the shade, and taking its place rather with the most popular of our modern poems, than with the rubbish of provincial romances."

This is the first paragraph of the article on *Waverley*: here is the last:—

"There has been much speculation, at least in this quarter of the island, about the authorship of this singular performance—and certainly it is not easy to conjecture why it is still anonymous.—Judging by internal evidence, to which alone we pretend to have access, we should not scruple to ascribe it to the highest of these authors to whom it has been assigned by the sagacious conjectures of the public;—and this at least we will venture to say, that if it be indeed the work of an author hitherto unknown, Mr. Scott would do well to look to his laurels, and to rouse himself for a sturdier competition than any he has yet had to encounter!"

Mr. Jeffrey makes the following observation, in a note prefixed to this review:—

"Though living in familiar intercourse with Sir Walter, I need scarcely say that I was not in the secret of his authorship; and in truth had no assurance of the fact, till the time of its public promulgation."

The Light Dragoon. By the Author of 'The Subaltern.' 2 vols. Colburn.

THE People's Library, written by the People, receives copious additions. Not long ago we had an American 'Salt'; this week comes an English Light Dragoon; next week, possibly, a German

Travelling Journeyman will claim hearing. The value of these appearances is not exclusively literary: their social influence ought not to be inconsiderable; and we think the publishers would do well to advert to this, and provide for its development, by such a manner and price, that would at once place Ned Myers and George Farmer, the hero of the present narrative, and the rest of the fraternity, in fore-castle, and barrack, and workshop circulation. Good could not but come of it; and we think, in the long run, profit also.

This genuine journal of a Light Dragoon, re-written by Mr. Gleig, was originally contributed to one of the periodicals. The editor seems to have smoothed the original manuscript more carefully than Mr. Cooper the rough and careless diction of the man before the mast: probably, too, in mind, manners, and education, his client had the advantage. But though the style be less characteristic, the English narrative is the more entertaining and varied. We shall only draw upon this "thrice-told tale," for a passage which will interest the readers in the class to which the tale better belongs. How much of the following portrait is the work of Mr. Gleig, how much of George Farmer, it is, of course, impossible for us to determine.

"I am induced to think that the change from home service to real campaigning is much more striking, as well as far more difficult to realize, in the case of the light horseman, than in that of the infantry soldier. The infantry soldier finds himself, it is true, deprived, when he takes the field, of his comfortable barrack-room; while his provisions, instead of being served out daily, and by measure, may fall short from time to time, or utterly disappear. Then, again, he mounts guard—not over a stout brick building, which nobody dreams of assailing—but in the open fields, where all his wits must be about him, in order to prevent an active enemy from passing his line, cutting him and his picket off, and bringing ruin on the army. In every other respect, however, his life is pretty much what it ever was. He must keep his arms and accoutrements clean, himself tidy, attend parades, perform marches, and fight battles as often as to his own leader, or to the leader of the adverse host, a battle may be desirable. But, except in the matter of fighting, he must do all this at home likewise; and if his bed be often the wet ground, and his canopy the lowering sky, why there is no help for it; he must make the most of them. The light horseman, on the contrary, has not only his own wants, but those of his charger, to attend to; and the difference to the horse in the sort of life, which on service he is required to lead, is infinitely greater than the difference to his rider—supposing both to have been reared in England. In Portugal, for example, we had Indian corn served out as forage, which our horses would not taste, and which we could not get them to taste till we tried the experiment of soaking: moreover, we had to seek their litter where we could find it, to cut for them green meat, and train them to sleep picketed and in the open air, under which not a few broke down; and to bestow upon them in general a much larger portion of our care, than we had ever been taught, in the process of home duty, to consider requisite. In like manner, it was new to us to go on picket, and to sit on horses as videttes, for two hours on a stretch. It was equally new to our horses to have their saddles and housings fastened on for twenty-four hours together, and to receive their food with the bits hanging at their chests, and everything prepared for action at a moment's notice. I do not mean to say, that where men's feelings or imaginations are interested, all this is not very delightful; on the contrary, there springs up between the rider and his horse, a companionship, to which there is no parallel in any one of the many varied connexions which human life in its progress enables us to form; and such companionship is always pleasant, whether the cord binds us to a brute, or to our fellow-man. But some imagination is requisite in order to carry us into this train of feeling; and hence you invariably find, that in the light cavalry at least, your imaginative people make the best

soldiers. Moreover, as the light cavalry are always employed, wherever the nature of the country will allow, at outposts, both men and horses are forced to acquire habits of vigilance, such as to be rightly understood, must have been both witnessed and experienced. The cavalry soldier sleeps, like his charger, with one eye and one ear always open. Both must be quick to perceive the first flash of a carbine, or the first blast of the trumpet; and both must be in a condition to take their places in the ranks, within a minute or two after the alarm is given. Then again, patrolling, which is an especial duty, puts the mettle both of men and horses to the test. You must move forward as if you had a hundred eyes: you must be cool and collected, and prepared for every conceivable adventure. Neither hedges nor ditches must offer insuperable obstacles to your progress, whether you be required to take ground to the front or rear; and you must be quite as ready and as willing to gallop off when to convey intelligence is your business, as to fight with carbine or sword, where you are desired to delay an enemy's progress. In a word, both the light dragoon and his horse are called upon, as soon as they take their station in the front of an army, to acquire, as if by intuition, new ideas on every subject; for, except in the formation of column or line, and the art of breaking up into order of march, and closing into squadrons again, the home drill—at least in 1809 and 1810—had not taught us much of our real duty. The light horseman, who lays himself out to become a useful member of his profession, is sure to succeed. He will first of all devote himself to his horse; and then his horse, as if grateful for the kindness shown, will do for him in return innumerable services. Thus, during a night march, when the dragoon, overcome by fatigue, drops asleep, the faithful animal will slacken his pace, or sway from side to side, in order to prevent his master from falling. In like manner, if they be passing in the dark through broken and dangerous ground, the horse will often refuse to obey either spur or rein: his superior instinct directing him to avoid the perils, into which the ignorance or over-anxiety of his master was about to hurry them. Moreover, the horse knows his master's voice: it cuts out of his palm, lowers its head for the well-known caress, and licks his hand like a dog in acknowledgement. And when it comes to this, let not the light dragoon be afraid to trust his charger in everything. If they be the attacking party, his horse will carry him bravely on: if it be necessary to fly, there is no fence which he will refuse, or which, unless it actually exceed his physical powers to surmount, he will not by some means either overleap or scramble through."

Military adventures in the Peninsula, sufferings in foreign prisons, domestic occupation in the household of Count Golstein, to whom Farmer served as groom, measures protective of the property of the French from the soldiers of the allied army, scenes of Indian warfare, wound up by the memorable siege of Bhurtpore, all contribute their quota of interest to this book. We must add, that in every vicissitude, 'The Light Dragoon' displays as much good sense as good feeling; and we are glad, by the preface, to find that, for the detail of his wanderings, he has been remunerated to "his heart's content."

Ireland. By J. G. Kohl. Chapman & Hall.

ALTHOUGH we presented our readers with so much interesting matter from Mr. Kohl's Ireland, we were far from exhausting the mine; and the appearance of this translation gives us an excuse for a few quotations of a more general character than those to which we chiefly confined ourselves in our former notice. We commence with a remark or two on a place made famous in Ireland by its inhabitants—Edgeworthstown:—

"This is a cheerful little town, in the county of Longford, and has received its name from a family which has become famed throughout the civilized world in consequence of the writings of the amiable Maria Edgeworth. This family came over—most of the families that own land in Ireland are of English origin, and

will often take occasion to tell their friends and guests, when their ancestors came over from England, in the same way that some English families will talk of the time when their ancestors came over from Normandy;—well, then, the Edgeworths came over in 1583, under the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The family was at that time also possessed of land in Middlesex. In Ireland they became the owners of extensive domains and castles, and, among other places, of the village of Fairmount, a name which, in its Gallicized form of Firmont, has become celebrated throughout the world. The Abbé Edgeworth, who accompanied Louis XVI. to the scaffold, derived from this village his name of Monsieur de Firmont."

Mr. Kohl adopts his usual commendable plan of not entering into personal particulars regarding those who have hospitably entertained him; but gives us an account of the principal residents of Edgeworthstown:—

"The Edgeworths have long been resident in Ireland, that is to say, they are not absentees, but live on their estate, and look to the comfort and welfare of their tenants. There are several noble and wealthy families in the neighbourhood who do the same thing; among others the family of the Tuites, and I had, in consequence, an opportunity of seeing the wonderful effect which the presence of the owner of an estate has on the tenantry, and to how great an extent, therefore, the Irish landlords, who take no care for their dependents, are themselves responsible for the wretchedness of the country. I had not thought there could have been in Ireland such solid-looking farmers as I here beheld on the estates of the two families I have mentioned. In the course of my excursions round Edgeworthstown, I saw many farm-houses as stately as the best of their kind I had ever seen in England. The houses were as clean, and the rooms as comfortable as I could have wished them to be. The rooms and staircases were carpeted, and wine and refreshments were offered me. On Mr. Tuite's estate I visited a number of farmers, and always found their houses tidy and orderly, with sides of bacon suspended in the pantry, bright pewter dishes ranged upon the kitchen shelves, and good furniture and beds in the family rooms, just as I should have expected to find them in the houses of the wealthier peasantry in Germany. The Tuite family, I was told, had lived on their estate for 300 years, had always been resident, and the present owner was himself a very zealous and intelligent agriculturist. It is but seldom that one sees any thing of this kind in Ireland, and for that very reason, perhaps, it excites the more interest when one does see it, for it inspires a belief that, with care and kindness, it would be possible to elevate the peasantry of Ireland, a thing which those who might best effect the change are usually least willing to admit, attributing the whole blame to the disorderly, dirty, improvident, and intemperate habits of the people."

Mr. Kohl, of course visited the lakes: his description is rather long, but we must manage to give an abstract of it:—

"From Killarney, which lies on the low shore, one sees the mountains on the other side rising like a dark wall, and reflected in the clear lake that lies like a mirror at their feet; and the prospect was beautiful when a glimpse of it could be caught through the walls, palings, and hedges, that almost shut it out. Near the town, along the lake, runs the hippodrome, or race-course of Killarney, for even such small places as this must in Ireland have their race-course. In the villages we passed through, we again saw the little Irish boys running to school, each with his slate and book under one arm, and his sod of turf for the schoolmaster under the other. * * As we trotted through the pass, we could not avoid envying a pair of eagles which were hovering high in air over our heads, although we were very well mounted on stout, sagacious, and active little Kerry horses. Their caparison is the most wretched I ever saw, consisting of nothing more than straw plaited together. Straw is indeed much in use throughout Ireland for various purposes;—they take the pigs to market, for instance, with a wisp of straw round the leg; in other countries too, straw is sometimes twisted into the shape of a rope, but a horse with bridle and harness all of straw, is a sight to be seen nowhere but in this poorest part of the west of Ireland. Be it remembered also,

this was not a mere make-shift, or the whim of an individual, but a general custom. The rocks on either side of the pass, arose to a height of at least 1,500 feet, and it was about ten miles long, and presented in its various windings many wildly picturesque points. * * The principal inhabitants of these rocks are a few herdsmen and their goats, who have constantly to dispute the ground with their enemies, the eagles and foxes. The wolf is said to have inhabited these wild regions longer than any other part of the British islands, the last Irish wolf having been shot in the year 1700, in Macgillicuddy's Reeks, whereas the last was destroyed in Scotland in 1680, and none have been seen in England since 1300, when, in the time of Edward I. many were killed in Yorkshire. Perhaps the gradual extinction of these fierce animals may serve as a standard to measure the progress of civilization in the three countries. The goats are by no means carefully tended by the herdsmen, who, indeed, seldom look after them much, except once a year, when they collect the herds, take such as are fit for the market, and set the rest at liberty again. They generally calculate that ten out of every fifty will be destroyed by the eagles and foxes, or perish in some way or other among the mountains. A little river rushes through the Gap of Dunloe over the rocks, and in the middle of the valley several small lakes, of a most remarkable appearance, are formed: namely, the water has the peculiar property of staining all the ground it flows over of a deep black colour, so that now, in the beginning of October, when the waters after an unusually dry season were very low, the black rocky hollow, on the edge of which we were riding, had exactly the appearance of a gigantic inkstand half empty. Had there been at the bottom, among the rugged masses of black rock, some smoke and flame instead of water, we might have imagined we were looking into the dark entrance to the infernal regions. The Irish have named all this part of the pass, with good reason, the 'Dark valley.'"

Our readers will remember, that Mr. Kohl has taken the field against the exclusive praise of the Vale of Avoca. Here we have him, again, dealing the same impartial justice in the case of the no less famous Lakes of Killarney:—

"The effect of the lakes of Killarney, with their banks of soft meadow land and the rich fringe of trees scattered over them, is greatly increased by their lying in the midst of this rocky wilderness. They are also sprinkled over with a number of little grassy and wooded islands, and peninsulas running out far from the main land into the bosom of the lakes, and forming a never-ending variety of straits, bays, and harbours of fairy proportions. On many of these, wealthy amateurs, delighted with the fantastic and solitary character of the place, have built ornamental cottages, and thrown picturesque bridges over inlets of the lake. The whole crescent of the lakes, from one end to the other, is not more than about nine miles long, and forms undoubtedly one of the most varied and agreeable excursions one can take. The water appears, when looked into, of a dark golden brown colour, but as clear as crystal, so that one can see to a great depth beneath it. When taken up in a glass, it shews no colour. We had a crew of six rowers to our boat, for in Ireland there are always six pair of arms used where two would suffice. In reading some of the exaggerated English descriptions of the lakes of Killarney, one might fancy them to be really something supernatural. A well-known Irish writer (Wakefield), for instance, expresses himself concerning them in the following manner: 'Nature here puts on the wildest and most terrific attire to astonish the gazing spectator, who, lost in wonder and surprise, thinks that he treads on enchanted ground; and whilst he scarcely knows to which side to direct his attention, can hardly believe that the scenes before him are not the effects of delusion, or the airy phantoms of the brain, called into momentary existence by the creative power of a fervid imagination.' This is a rare specimen of bombastic nonsense, and if all this is to be said of the lakes of Killarney, what are we to say of others that much exceed them in beauty? Nature is, indeed, almost everywhere more beautiful and attractive than any language can adequately describe; but when we do attempt the description of a country, and of the

charms of a particular spot, we must speak by comparison with other places, and not forget the infinite number of lovely spots of earth to which we might do injustice by our immoderate praise of one. Besides, these vague generalities of 'enchancements' and 'delusions,' and 'airy phantoms,' and 'creative imaginations,' really describe nothing at all. The realities of stone and wood and earth, which we meet with in nature, are beautiful enough—we do not need to try and lift them into the realms of phantasmagoria, but should do much better, if we would try and give the distant reader some idea of what has excited our admiration, by a faithful representation of the individual features of the scene, often by no means an easy task. Along the upper lake lies a range of small rocky islets, all surrounded, as well as the shores, with a black stripe, about four or five feet broad, pointing out what has been the height of the water in the summer. Immediately above the black stripe, and in sharpest contrast with it, comes a streak of white, of the moss I have already mentioned in speaking of the Gap of Dunloe, and over this again another of yellow furze, which seems to flourish amazingly in these boggy grounds. Above all comes the beautiful foliage of the arbutus and the oak, the former making, indeed, one of the especial attractions of Killarney. These beautiful shrubs are nowhere so numerous and flourishing as on the lakes and islands of Killarney, and the finest specimens may be seen shooting up among the rocks. The autumn is said to be the most favourable season for viewing them, on account of the endless variety of colours then exhibited by the leaves; and as, besides the advantage of this season, I had that of fine weather, an uncommon one at Killarney, where it almost always rains, I certainly had reason to consider myself fortunate. Many of the islands are covered only with weeds and bog, and cannot for a moment be compared with the Isola Madre, Isola Bella, or others in the Italian lakes. Amongst the bold promontories of the Glenna mountain, which project in lofty and commanding forms upon the lake, is one more steep and apparently inaccessible than the rest, called the Eagles' rock, because a pair of eagles have for many years had a nest upon its summit. The people of the country, however, contrive to rob the poor birds every year of their young, and sell them to this or that nobleman, who generally pays four or five pounds for the stolen goods. In the space of two or three miles, we were told, there were known to be five eagles' nests. A regular trade is carried on in the young birds, who are sent to England. Between the 15th of June and the 1st of July, they are old enough to be brought up by the hand, and this, therefore, is the time when the robberies begin. The rocks on which the nests are built, are usually so steep and dangerous, that they can only be reached by ropes from above. The people watch for the departure of the old birds, who fly away at regular hours in search of food. The men are then let down, in baskets, to deprive the feathery parents of the objects of their tender care. It happens sometimes, however, that the business is not accomplished before the birds return, and then a desperate conflict takes place with the spoilers, who come provided for such a contingency with an old sabre or a pistol. For twenty years, our boatmen informed us, they had regularly robbed the nest on the Eagles' rock, and for twenty years the same birds had regularly returned and laid and hatched their eggs there. They are the oldest birds in the whole district, and can be distinguished by the paler colour of their feathers. Generally for a week after they had been deprived of their offspring, the bereaved parents hover screaming round the empty nest, but they never seem to grow wiser by experience, or to seek for their progeny some better asylum from the ruthless rapacity of man. The men all agreed, that whenever a tamed eagle escaped and returned to its native rocks, it was sure to be attacked and torn to pieces by the wild ones. Through a narrow channel, along which the water rushed with great rapidity, overshadowed by beautiful trees, and spanned by the half-decayed arches of an ancient bridge, we entered, after some hours rowing, the Turk Lake, landing here and there to view some fine trees or try a remarkable echo, and then passed through another narrow strait into the large lake, on one of whose grassy banks, under an old arbutus tree, we spread our noonday meal. The cold meat, the

ale, and the mountain dew were fully appreciated by me and my companion, but our six rowers, though they accepted thankfully the food, seriously and resolutely declined both the ale and the spirits, asserting that they were all temperance men. We tried to overcome their objections to the ale, as it had been very cold on the water, and we thought it would do them good, but they remained firm, said it was 'no temptation at all,' and that they would rather drink water. The officer and I really felt ashamed of our self-indulgence in the presence of these abstinent people, and consumed a much smaller quantity of the 'alcoholic drinks' than we should have done, but for the reproofing example before us. My friend had witnessed many of the beneficial effects of temperance in the army, and maintained that the Irish soldiers had become much improved in their discipline, and the crimes and punishments in his regiment had diminished more than one-half, since Father Mathew's reform. In the 'old drinking time' he had had every day some trouble and vexation in the barracks, but now he could enjoy his fourteen days' furlough without being harassed by anxieties about the behaviour of his men."

We cannot part from the lakes without a glimpse of "sweet Innisfallen":—

"The most interesting of the islands of this large lake, is that which bears the name of Innisfallen. It is also the largest of all, and is overgrown with the finest old trees, which lie in scattered groups as in a park, and the wide spaces between them afford the finest pasturage for cows and sheep. Many of the trees are oaks, but the greater number are magnificent old ash trees, and I also saw here a holly tree, older and larger than any I had ever seen in my life. It was twelve feet in circumference, and had gigantic far-spreading branches, like an oak. I could not help comparing it mentally with the little, wretched, stunted hollies, that drag on a sickly existence in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, where every care is taken of them. One of the mighty ash trees had been torn up by the roots in a storm of the preceding winter, and had carried with it a mass of rock, twenty feet in circumference, round which its roots had entwined themselves, and which, as it lay prostrate, it still held firmly clasped. There are also the ruins of an ancient abbey, and many beautiful thickets of evergreens, on this island, which Thomas Moore has remembered in his lines:

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine,
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair be mine."

At Bantry we have an interesting and very clever sketch of a "Beggar's Home," so wild and picturesque, that, long as it is, we must transfer it to our pages:—

"As my friend was rather fatigued, he retired early, and I went out alone to take a walk late in the evening on the sea-shore, and soon perceived a something, I could not make out what, moving before me. As it passed a house some rays of light from a window discovered to me a strange kind of head-gear decorated with flowers, which I recollected to have been worn by a beggar woman whom I had seen in the fish-market. She was one of the mob who had closed the gates behind us, and in the wildness and eagerness of her gesticulations had suggested to me some doubts of her sanity, a suspicion somewhat confirmed by the fantastic character of her attire. She wore a yellow petticoat, the tattered remains of a large red shawl, which she trailed behind her in the dust like a train, and a man's round hat, with a broad brim decorated with a garland of artificial flowers. In her hand she carried a stout stick, by the aid of which she moved swiftly along. Altogether she reminded me of a character in one of Walter Scott's novels, as these half-insane oddly-decorated beggars always do, for she was by no means the only one of the class I had seen in Ireland. Mary Sullivan, for that was her name, was now proceeding in a very quiet orderly manner along the shore of Bantry Bay; at last I approached and bade her good evening, and she made a perfectly civil reply. It appeared that her business for the day was over, and although she still wore the costume of her part, she had left the stage, and was on the point of returning to her private abode. As she said it was situated not far from the town, on the

shores of the bay, I offered to accompany her to it, for I had a wish to see the dwelling of an Irish beggar at night. We crossed some broken rocky ground, and at last, as it seemed to me, turned quite out of the beaten path, but Mary Sullivan said there was no other way, so on we went. She said if I would give her my hand she would lead me in safety to the hut, which it appeared belonged, not to her, but to her sister. These poor people generally prefer a wild looking place to live in; they seem to think they are more independent if their abodes are not very accessible, and the benefits of the great undertakings of the English in road-making, are by no means so universally acknowledged by the Irish as we might suppose. We reached at last the hut of the Sullivans, which stood on a naked rocky ground, washed by the waters of Bantry Bay, and crept in. The Irish are a very religious people, and have all kinds of pretty pious salutations always at hand. If they pass people at work in a field the regular form is 'God bless your work,' and the answer 'Save you too.' If one praises a person or even a thing, or more especially a child, one must never forget to add 'God bless it,' for praise always seems suspicious to an Irishman, and unless accompanied by an invocation of God's blessing, it appears to him to indicate a desire either to possess it oneself or to destroy it by calling towards it the attention of fairies and bad spirits, who are always upon the look out for what is beautiful. An Irish mother would rather hear a stranger say, 'What a nasty, screaming, disagreeable brat your child is,' than 'What a charming little angel you've got there,' unless he instantly warned off the bad spirits by adding 'God bless him.' As they never forget to ask a blessing, they are also most diligent in returning thanks. 'Thanks to the great God,' is a phrase often in their mouths, and certainly I believe in their hearts also. They often utter this thanksgiving even when speaking of a misfortune, as 'I've lost my poor dear little child, thanks to the great God,' a phrase that always reminded me of the Russian '*slava bogu*,' which generally closes every story. We crept into the hut of the Sullivans with the usual salutation of 'God save you all,' and heard the response 'God save you kindly,' from the sister of Mary Sullivan and her half-grown daughter, who were crouching over a turf fire boiling potatoes. A little boy and girl were lying on the ground in company with some pigs, and gnawing a half-raw potato which they had taken from the pot. The hut was lighted partly by the fire, and partly by a dim lamp, that hung from a rafter. The lamp was a large sea shell, filled with fish oil, in which was burning a rush wick. The father was not at home, having been for some days upon the water, helping to collect coral sand, but another strangely sounding voice came from the corner of the hovel, which had taken no part in the pious salutation. I asked who was moaning there. 'It is my eldest son, your honour,' was the reply, 'he's an idiot—thank the great God—and he often moans so the whole day long.' By the feeble glimmer of the lamp I now recognized a poor creature, who seemed to me more miserable and helpless than almost any I had ever beheld. It was a young man about twenty years of age, lying in a sort of box representing a bed, and which was indeed the best bed the hut contained. He had under him straw and rags, and a pillow for his head, but he lay sobbing and trembling all over. His mother showed me some parts of his miserable frame. His arms and legs were like those of a skeleton, and several of his fingers had grown together. As we touched him he lifted up his head, and gazed at us with a vacant look. 'He has been so from his birth your honour,' said the mother. 'For twenty years we have been obliged to feed him so without his being able to do the least thing for us.' 'And yet you love him?' said I to the poor mother, thinking perhaps that an unfortunate creature like this could hardly be attended to in the midst of such poverty. 'Love him to be sure, your honour. Isn't he my own son, God bless him? Eh, Mavourneen, look up then,' she added, raising him carefully up, and laying his head on her arm, while she stroked his crippled hand. 'I'm the only one, sir, that understands his language. He never asks after any body but me. I give him every morning his potatoes, and when I've got any, milk and porridge. You see he's got a better bed than

any of us. Don't sob so, darling.' Mary Sullivan, the old aunt of the idiot, had, in the meantime, hung upon a peg her flower-adorned hat, and the other parts of her costume, and taken from her pocket some potatoes and a fish, which had probably been given to her. The potatoes she laid at the corner of the fire which she seemed to consider as her own, hung the fish up by a wire over it to roast, and then took out her pipe and began to smoke. She told me, in answer to my question, that she spent about a half-penny a-day in tobacco, that is, fifteen shillings a-year, which, for a beggar, appeared to me to be no inconsiderable sum. For a halfpenny one can buy, in Ireland, a large piece of bread; and I could not help wishing that some second Father Mathew might arise, to preach total abstinence from tobacco, and induce the poor Irish women to expend what it costs them in wholesome food for themselves or their children. Tenderness and hospitality are the universal characteristics of the Irish. They have also a certain easy politeness of manner towards strangers, which, in the higher classes, somewhat resembles that of the Parisians, but is met with just as often in the huts of the poorest beggars. In many countries, the stranger who enters the hut of a poor family, is stared at in dumb astonishment by the inmates till they become familiar with him. Not so in Ireland. Dirty and ragged as they are, they offer what they have without embarrassment to the most fashionably-dressed visitor; and although they never forget their respectful address, 'your honour,' yet they always appear to consider him what he really is—their guest and equal. When I parted from the Sullivans, I was accompanied to the door by many a warm 'God speed ye,' and by the most cordial thanks for the honour I had done them by my visit, and for the sympathy I had expressed for the unfortunate son and brother. The two little ones had, in the meantime, lighted a couple of dry faggots, by way of torches, and accompanied me out over their irregular mountain path. When at last I drove them back, and bade them farewell, I saw them for some time standing together on the hill-top throwing the light of their torches before me on my path, while their clear, sharp, childish voices echoed around, as they shouted, 'Take care, your honour! take care. God speed ye!'

We now take our final leave of Kohl's 'Ireland, and shall look forward with interest for the appearance of Kohl's 'England,' or 'Scotland,' as circumstances or the traveller's inclination may decide.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

La Commedia di Dante Alighieri, illustrata da Ugo Foscolo, 4 vols.—The history of this edition, as told by the publisher, is briefly as follows.—Ugo Foscolo undertook to prepare, for Mr. Pickering, editions of the four great Italian Poets, but ill health and the perplexities of his later years, prevented the fulfilment of his intention. With Dante, however, the first of the Series, he had made such progress, that Mr. Rolandi purchased the MS. for 400*l.*, and the result is before us in a very handsome illustrated edition. The text is said to have been prepared with great care, and after a scrupulous examination of early manuscripts—and there is prefixed to the work an elaborate essay on its history, and a critical examination of the various biographers and commentators—and affixed to it a life of Dante drawn from his works, a bibliographical history of those works, and a very comprehensive Index. On the whole, this edition will, we think, be acceptable, and prized equally in Italy and in England.

The Grave Digger, by the Author of the 'Scottish Heiress'; 3 vols.—The manner in which certain clever landscape painters are said to have composed pictures from blots of ink fortuitously thrown about on paper, is recalled to us by this novel, which seems to begin, continue, and end by accident. A traveller, just returned from the continent, stops, by accident, at a pot-house, in "one of the narrow, deep lanes, that run into Fleet Street," there overhears, by accident, news of his lady-love, which decides the happiness of his life—there makes acquaintance with a humourist, who accompanies him as Sancho Panza in his Quixotical wanderings—by one stroke of the pen loses his fortune, and regains it by another. But in working out this amazing and plot-less story, at it

seems to be, the author of 'The Grave-Digger' does not wholly discredit the opinion we had formed of him from his 'Scottish Heiress.' He is dry, shrewd, and pathetic in description, as the case may be: copies Dickens more than once, it is true, but more than once gives signs of power, which, if rightly cherished, and rightly directed, would enable him to go alone. Much thought and discipline and reconsideration, however, must be called into play before he can produce a work which will be agreeable to the taste of the general public, however promising in the apprehension of the critics.

Memoirs of W. R. Elliston, Comedian, by G. Raymond, Esq.—This is but a first volume, and brings down the narrative only to the year 1810. As these Memoirs have already appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, this announcement will be sufficient; and we are not sorry to escape from criticism, for we have a great dislike to theatrical biographies; the best of them, with the exception of Cibber's 'Apology,' are but jest books, and rarely good of their class. Mr. Raymond, however, has done his spiriting gently, and with discretion.

The Soldier of Fortune, by Henry Curling, Esq., 3 vols.—This novel ought to have been printed on grey paper, bound in black cloth, and reviewed by a Mute (only that Mutes are proverbially a mirthful class). The Soldier of Fortune! why, Ratcliffe Blount is a soldier of *mis-fortune*, if ever there was one. Murders, duels, fires, shipwrecks, pursue him like (mourning) "rings and (passing) bells."

That he may have dolour wherever he goes.

Does he step in at a crisis, to rescue oppressed Innocence?—he lays about him so stoutly, that both the victim and the miscreant perish. Is he driven into fighting a duel?—in spite of the most resolute determination to the contrary, he must kill his man. Do warm and liberal friends spring up, at the moment when he is discarded by his father, and intrigued against by his stepmother's Jewish kindred—do they promise to leave him their fortunes?—his valet (only a week in his service) cuts their throats! Fatalist Joe, in 'Tyne Hall,' was a perfect Seged in the abundance of his felicity—Murad the Unlucky, a Polystrate in the constancy of his prosperity compared with poor Ratcliffe Blount. To make the round of calamity complete, Mr. Curling should have brought him in guilty of bigamy: but that trial was to be spared the hero, since a wife and a fortune were made up for him, ready to come in at the last pages of the tale. What is the use of such extravagancies as these? As works of art, they are valueless. Even the clever 'Quarter of an Hour too soon' flagged, though merely an Annual historiette; for the reader soon perceived that the trick was to be reiterated: how much more wearisome, then, must be two volumes and a half full of calamitous chances and fatal blunders. As moral lessons picturing life (in spite of all the professions made by our author in his preface), they are worse than useless.

My Sonnets.—The egotism of the title is continued and repeated in the introductory sonnet. The writer exclaims—

Sweet Sonnet! my winged thoughts O treasure still;
I love them, let the world think what they will.

This is injudicious. We have read better sonnets, and we have read worse. Though seldom regular in their form, most of them satisfy the ear well enough, and are calculated sometimes to persuade the reader that because they are conceived in poetic diction they are necessarily poetic. Nor are they wanting in talent and learning; yet is their merit not sufficiently decided to demand a positive opinion. Equivocal versification is the evil of the time, and the sonnet, though a brief form of poetry, is one of the noblest. Let only the strong attempt it.

The Mathematician, No. 1, edited by T. S. Davies, W. Rutherford, and S. Fenwick.—"Most mathematicians," says the prospectus, "have felt and lamented the very limited means which at present exist for the communication of their researches to the world." The greater part, then, of the mathematical world will be glad to support Messrs. Davies, Rutherford, and Fenwick with "researches" if those gentlemen will only find print, paper, and publication. How is it then, that in this first number there is not a single paper furnished by any one except Mr. Davies, Mr. Rutherford, or Mr. Fenwick? We should recommend a greater range both of contributors and subjects:

most of the present number is on algebraic geometry, and of seven questions proposed for solution at the end, six are on algebraic geometry. We hope that No. 2 will correct this great mistake in No. 1, and that the work will deserve and obtain success: we hope also that hints such as that which appears at the end of p. 44 will not be found in any future number.

Cant, a Satire.—The time has long gone by for such a poem as this—if such lines as

Forbade improvement's infant mind to advance,
And matched his cunning 'gainst man's ignorance,

can be called poetry. Satire, too, is out of date; no one regards versified satire now-a-days. The amenities of life seem to have superseded the severe, though hearty, manners of ruder epochs. People like to enjoy themselves and others, and satire puts them out of temper with the world, and perhaps with their own hearts. Satire, too, should deal with the vices of the social state, with the abuse of privileges, and the corruption of individuals or corporate bodies. 'Cant' is directed against institutions and governments, denying their inherent utility, not calling for their due administration. There might have been a time when this tone of remark would have been responded to; but now it will scarcely find one sympathetic reader. Nor is there any attraction of style to compensate for the want of interest in the subject.

Companion to the Almanac for 1844,—contains an able paper 'On Arithmetical Computation,' by Mr. De Morgan; An Abstract of the Population Returns for 1841; Reports from the Vaccine Institution and the Registrars General; Papers on the Statistics of Crime; on the United States of America, and on Railways; Abstracts of Acts of Parliament and of Parliamentary Documents; a Chronicle of Events and Meteorological Table; and the notice, to which we are accustomed to refer under the head of 'Public Improvements.' The present Report commences with the British Museum, which, however, is more briefly and dully adverted to than might have been expected—as if it were a question with the writer, whether the "façade" would turn out "a public improvement" at all. This silliness may be discreet, but it is not satisfactory; and we doubt the discretion, because it seems to indicate ignorance of a notorious fact—that in the architectural world the "façade" of the Museum has given rise to a good deal of remark and angry expostulation. Oddly enough, an "unaware" hint slips out in the next paragraph, which begins by telling us that—"if secrecy has been observed in regard to the British Museum, such has not been the case with the Palace of Westminster;" thus "secrecy," it seems, there has been, and we are left to infer that it has been remarked on. One or two new buildings in Lothbury, "which is growing to be a sort of City Pall-Mall," are pointed out with approbation; and honourable mention is made of the Doric screen in front of the Marquis of Westminster's, in Grosvenor Street. Of churches, very few are particularized. Mr. Cockerell's building at Oxford, for the Taylor & Randolph Institution; the Proprietary College at Cheltenham; Lincoln's Inn New Hall and Library; and the Brighton Railway Terminus, near London Bridge, are all illustrated by views. That of the last-mentioned structure, however, is shown only so far as it was advanced at the time the drawing was made,—which, instead of being a disadvantage, is the reverse; the gateway, campanile, and portion of the main building, constitute a pleasing group of Italian architecture; and it so happens that this fragment forms in itself not only a regular but well-proportioned composition; yet the building is to be carried on to more than twice the present extent, in consequence of which it will look considerably lower than it now does, and the individual features will not tell with the same effect. This is made evident by an elevation which has been published of the whole range of building, and which further reveals a defect—whether proceeding from caprice or oversight—in the composition; for though uniformity is obviously aimed at, the façade, consisting of a centre building and two retiring wings, with gateways of similar design, there will be but one campanile, and that tower will be placed so as entirely to dislocate the arrangement. If there were to be only one tower of the kind, that ought to have been placed in the centre of the composition; there would then have been, what will now be wanted, a marked central feature, and striking outline; or the

tower might have been erected at one extremity of the façade, so as to be quite an independent structure; but to stick it up where it disarranges the whole by coming in between the main building and south wing, which is thus pushed further out than the other, is a violation of architectural syntax, and a sort of blundering which we should not have expected from one who has shown so much taste in his details as Mr. Turner has here done.

Almanacs.—One of the best, if not the cheapest, of the family is *Guth's Literary and Scientific Register and Almanac*, for 1844, packed from its *Alpha* to its *Omega* with knowledge—whether useful or not, we must leave the public to decide.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—MR. AINSWORTH'S NEW ROMANCE, 'SAINT JAMES'; OR, THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.—England in Anne's time offers a subject for the novelist, unequalled in brilliancy by anything attempted in fiction. The painter who takes the manners, morals, and motives of the leading persons of that day, finds food for all readers, in the astonishing diversity of his scheme. Mr. Ainsworth announces this as the subject of his new work, to be published in the 'Magazine' bearing his name. How is it that no accomplished romancer, ambitious of profounding the whole subject, has found his way into Anne's court till now? When will interest ever cease to attach to the doings of the great Duchesse during her long sway, or the renown and disgrace of Marlborough? No Spanish comedy was ever half so rich in intrigue as the stories told of Mrs. Masham and of Harley; history has nothing more desperate and piquant of its kind, than the struggle between St. John and his great rival, whose romance itself has few narratives among its records more extraordinary than the secret influence of the court of St. Germain's at that period, and the murderous attempt on Harley, by which the treachery of the Marquis de Guiscard was signalized. 'St. James', at that day, was the scene of plot and counterplot, of brilliant and original character, and of action so incessant and eventful, as to have no rival in courtly history. But this is not all. In that, the Augustan age of our literature, date interludes among its records, are matched by the associations awakened by the names of Swift, Pope, and Prior, of Steele and Addison, of Gay, Arbuthnot, and half-a-dozen other spirits, who, at another season, would each be the centre of a little world of interest. Never were such wits clustered round a court; and happy is it for the novel reader, that the same pen which has so aided the literary enchantments of the reign of Victoria, should now employ itself in tracing the lustre of the times of "good Queen Anne."

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ROYAL ACADEMY.
PROFESSOR J. H. GREEN'S LECTURES.

LECTURE II.

The Conditions of Beauty in the Beautiful Object.

THE theme, which I commenced in the introductory lecture of this series, and expressed my intention of completing in a concluding address, I now resume; and the more willingly, that, however pleasing it may and must be, both to a lecturer and his auditors, to be understood and to understand fully and at once, it would be irrational to expect this in a discussion on Beauty and Expression—a subject of controversy and unfinished investigation from Plato to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Allison, almost our contemporaries.

The treatises on Beauty which have hitherto fallen in my way, have failed in satisfying me and I seem to myself to have traced their unsufficiency to two principal defects. The first, that the writers have too generally confounded the *sense and fruition of the beautiful in the mind*, which (by a term so convenient that I am happy to notice its recent renewal by some of our most popular writers) we may call Subjective Beauty, and thus distinguish it from Objective Beauty, or those forms and qualities in the outward object, which fit it to produce the former in the beholder, that they have confounded, I say, subjective beauty with objective beauty. This is the first defect. The second I have found in the narrowness of all the several definitions of the Beautiful, which different writers have advanced; each of which definitions well and truly describes certain classes of beautiful objects, but excludes, or leaves unexplained, an equal number, which the common feelings of mankind, from the earliest times, have concurred in characterizing as beautiful.

Now, in the former lecture, I trust that I have supplied the first defect; not only by carefully distinguishing subjective beauty from the beauty in the object, but likewise by determining and explaining at large, wherein this subjective beauty consists, namely, in such an equally or proportionably excited state of all the constituent faculties and attributes of our proper humanity, of man in respect of all that contradistinguishes him from inferior beings, and even from his own animal nature,—such an equable excitement, I say, of all these powers as prevents any one in particular from becoming the distinct object of his consciousness. Whence results that peculiar state, which is neither mere thought nor yet mere feeling, but containing the characters of both, constitutes what it is impossible to describe, but by a reference to the experience of those who have felt it—the sense and fruition of the beautiful. This equilibrium I have called a living balance, and as it is this which constitutes the true ground and essence of Beauty, so all those intenser excitements of one or more faculties, which tend to disturb the balance, yet, in disturbing it, to re-establish it in a higher form, and by enlivening it to prolong its duration—so do these collectively constitute artistic Expression. And in Beauty and Expression, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces of all Fine Art, the artist revolves in his orbit of production.

But in avoiding the first defect, I have already provided against the other, arising from the too narrow definitions of the Beautiful. For no other definition of the beautiful, objectively, or of beauty in the object, can be given, than the fitness of the object to excite in the mind of the beholder, or contemplator, the state already described. In other words, we distinguish those objects as beautiful which tend to excite all our faculties collectively and equally, so as to produce in the harmonious action a semblance of rest; and this active repose constitutes that peculiar complacency, with which we contemplate the beautiful: a complacency equally distinct from the satisfaction given us in the discovery of the true, and from the gratification afforded by the stimulus of the physically pleasurable. It only remains, therefore, to point out, and, as far as we can, enumerate those characters and properties which qualify an outward object, and give it the power to excite this complacency in our minds; and to this I have devoted the following lecture, the Constituents and Characteristics of Outward Beauty, or the causative correspondents in an object to the sense of the beautiful in the mind.

And I might now pass to the elements, the alphabet as it were, and explain the process and mechanism by which they are rendered constituent characters of Beauty, were it not expedient for a satisfying insight into the grounds of this interesting subject, that I should previously lay before you the principal conditions under which any outward form can produce the sense of beauty in us, and consequently acquire for itself the character of the beautiful.

I have endeavoured to show, and I flatter myself not without success, that even in the products of the inanimate world, in the moment that we characterize any one as beautiful, we do actually, though perhaps without being distinctly conscious of it, regard the object as a *product*, and consequently Nature, or the presumed producing cause, as an artist. Even from the common people, when they are particularly struck with the beauty of any scene or object in Nature, it is not unusual to hear the exclamation, "How beautiful; why it's a perfect picture!" We assume this, therefore, and that every such product supposes a will as its cause, and this a will that works according to a design. The notion of a designing intelligence may be latent and obscure, though, if we proposed the question to ourselves, what is the cause of the appearance which occasions the pleasurable excitement? we can return no other answer but that it must be a will, or a life that implies a will, though by no means necessarily a self-conscious will. Now for this lower form of the will we have an appropriate term, namely, Spontaneity, and it is a will of this kind which we attribute to the life of nature. And this is the ground of the first and most important principle of objective beauty, namely, *that every beautiful object must have an association with life and spontaneity*; it must have life in it, or attributed to it, or recast by analogy and resemblance the recollection of life in the mind of the beholder.

This, then, is the first condition, and the second is a necessary consequence of the first, namely, *that nevertheless the object must still be contemplated as a work of intelligence*. The problem therefore will be how to reconcile the association of spontaneous productivity with the idea of a work of intelligence, as that the one shall not exclude the other, but both co-exist in harmonious combination. In the works of Nature, in plant, flower, and bird, there is no difficulty, for this is what we all mean by living nature—life, spontaneous motion, the power of intelligence without the personal consciousness, instinctive skill. In the works of man this reconciliation of life with intelligent product may at first sight appear more difficult; but if the fact exist, it will assuredly have suggested words for its expression, and accordingly here, too, the ordinary language of men comes to our aid, in the terms Genius, Felicity,—made more delightful by combination with Security and Precision. We need only ask ourselves what we mean by the words, or by the defects contrary to them, and the presence of which leads us to deny the attribute of genius—for Ease and Freedom and Felicity, substitute Effort, Hardness, Rigidity and a laboured style,—and we become convinced, that in all these terms we have, in fact, been solving the preceding problem, and have expressed that medium, which reconciles the sense of an intelligent will with life, spontaneity, and that pleasurable balance of equally excited faculties, in which consist the sense and the fruition of the beautiful.

It follows, however, from what has been just now stated, that life and spontaneity, though indispensable to Beauty, will not, of themselves, constitute the Beautiful. The idea of Intelligence must be superadded; and intelligence, as implied in a will, is a necessary constituent of the Beautiful. No object is beautiful, except as it is fitted to excite, in the beholder, the idea of intelligent will as its producing cause; and for this reason, therefore, the Beautiful does not demand the Spontaneous more peremptorily than it forbids the Arbitrary, and as partaking of the arbitrary the Accidental,—for the arbitrary is an exclusion of intelligence, and by that act, the will is self-deprived of its inherent character.

No less true is the converse of this position. As the Free-Will must not be contemplated as excluding Intelligence, so neither may the idea of Intelligence be made so prominent, or so distinctly excited in the mind of the beholder, as to supersede or suspend the freedom of the will. Hence, in all works of Fine Art, in every beautiful object, the Understanding must

not be obtruded as the primary power: for the understanding is essentially a faculty of Adaptation,—in all the processes of the understanding means only are considered, and not an ultimate end, that is, an end in which the mind is to rest, and which is not therefore to become, in its turn, a means to some further end,—and the satisfaction, which the understanding receives, is not so much in the resulting unity of the whole as in the mode of conspiration, and in the adjustment of the parts. Now the direct contrary is the character of the Beautiful. It is a self-sufficing whole; the many must be here melted, as it were, into the one, and in all the highest products of the fine arts, the manifold is felt in the intenser and more pleasurable sense of the one into which they blend, rather than distinctly noticed in its component parts. The unity of a work of art is not a mere result—the result only of the ordonnance, selection and co-adaptation of the parts,—it is an antecedent unity, which the components necessarily presuppose, flowing out of the genial conception of the artist, and remaining present as the in-dwelling soul, which still continues to animate the whole. Even with regard to a piece of machinery, which we may, with good reason, have called beautiful, it may be observed, that we never do this till the whole task of distinctly understanding its construction has been completed—till the distinct conception of the parts having been mastered, the mind rests from its labour in the enjoyment of the whole as one. Few men of education but will have experienced an illustration of this principle when, in attending to a chain of reasoning not thoroughly comprehended, some one happy master-thought has flashed a sudden light into the mind, and the listener exclaims: "Aye, now I see it all at once! It is quite beautiful!"

This twofold condition, in any beautiful object, of impressing on the beholder the sense of its being at once spontaneous product and a work of intelligent design, may be illustrated in the pleasurable interest with which, in the inanimate works of nature—shells, flowers, and the like—we contemplate the semblances, the shadows and mockeries of Design; but which, the moment we would fix and substantiate the thought, disappear, or continue to mock our grasp. Take, for instance, the harmony of colours, and the free symmetry of lines in the wings of any one of our more splendid butterflies:—it is impossible to deny that a certain shadowy notion of design is awakened by this sportive ordonnance; but give to this notion a distinct and primary place in our consciousness, refer the appearances to some organic purpose in the construction of the animal, and we contemplate them at once as parts of a machine; and yet remove all semblance of design, and the product equally ceases to strike us as beautiful, for the evident and palpable want of design not only contradicts intelligence, but renders the thought uppermost in our minds:—even as Cato's image occupied the prominent place in the imagination of the Roman spectators, on account of its wilful exclusion from the triumphal procession of his conqueror. In the higher works of art, the known and energetic exertion of intellect in the artist is perfectly compatible with the sense of the Beautiful in the work, but it is only under the condition that our perception of this intelligence is not awakened singly in our minds, but remains secondary to, and as a something contained in, his genial Will, his productive Genius; that is intelligence indeed and of the noblest kind, but yet intelligence in the form of free-will and life. No less does the mode, in which the artist realizes his idea, and converts the subjectively beautiful into a beautiful object—picture, statue, or column—present a perfect analogy to the preceding; and, to the praise of genial conception, we further add Felicity of Execution. Still the idea of a free-will, or of a spontaneity which is its image, must be present and diffused through the whole work, for it is the main condition, under which all the faculties can exist in an equilibrium;—selection of means, contrivance, adaptive and mechanical skill, must all be hidden, as it were, in the felicity of the result, which is to call forth, in the beholder, the sense and silent attribution of a productive life, working with the facility of an instinctive intelligence, that needs neither choice nor deliberation.

We have now secured a free and clear passage to our remaining subject, namely, the Constituents of Objective Beauty, and these of course we must seek in

the simplest forms, where, instead of the distinct presence of an intelligent and productive Will, we must look only for the representatives of their analogous powers, which we have shown to be Life and Spontaneity. And the question is, what are those simple forms and movements, with which—by an instinct not less universal than humanity—the idea of the functions of active life are indistinctly associated, and this so universally, that we are compelled to infer that the connexion takes place by a law of the human mind. Such elementary associations, therefore, in contradistinction from the arbitrary or accidental connexions of individual minds, form part of the language of nature, and are, in the strictest sense, symbolical.

We have then to discover the Symbols of those spiritual acts and attributes, the harmonious excitement of which constitutes Subjective Beauty, and these symbols must of course be found in reference either to the eye or ear; though for obvious reasons I shall here confine myself to the eye. And here it is evident that the elementary symbols of the Beautiful will be Lines and Colours; of which the former may exist singly, the latter only in combination with the former, though they may, nevertheless, work by a charm of their own.

With an experience, the perpetual recurrence of which, while it prevents our conscious reflection on the fact, on that very account blends with the similar indistinct sensations of our own life, we observe throughout nature the *straight line*, existing unassociated with the curvilinear, to be the character of the Lifeless, and to be progressively modified in its ascent from the lifeless to the animated, through the intermediate realm,—the vegetable creation,—to which we ascribe life, but not animation. Further, a coalition of straight lines, reducible to no rule or preconception in their comparative lengths and relative positions, by an experience no less uniform, we have connected with the Fragmentary, the Imperfect, and the Casual or Arbitrary. Lastly, the only form in which the straight line, universally contemplated, claims a place in the order and perfection of nature, is that of the Radius, which may be regarded as necessarily resulting from the continual and progressive self-repetition of a point to a globe, the original point remaining as the centre, while the limiting points in all directions constitute the spherical surface. The most simple form of all organic bodies is the spherical, as we notice in the germ and egg, the globules of the blood, certain infusoria, and in the cells, which of late have been shown to be the basis and primary element of every organic structure. The primary conception of the organic process is therefore the expansion of the point to the sphere by an act of radiation, in which the straight line is equally a co-efficient with the curvilinear; and the continual modification of the curvilinear by the straight line in the construction of living bodies, is further evinced in the elongation of the sphere into the ellipse, its protrusions in the formation of feelers, limbs, and other instrumental apparatus, and in the lengthening of the forms during growth. The primary conception of this straight line, therefore, presents it to us as subservient to the circular and curvilinear; and let it be noticed, that even in this most abstract or universal conception, the legitimate straight line exhibits itself as an act, a function, determinate motion, which, whenever the aim or determining power is made intelligible, becomes, of course, expressive of an act, or tendency to act.

But here it will be necessary to impress two points on your attention. I have said that the straight line, when not contemplated as a radius representative of action, is characteristic of the inanimate, and especially of the lifeless. This is true; but it must not be forgotten that the existence of the lifeless, or that which appears as such, is indispensable to the manifestation of life; and secondly, that with the lifeless, even from its absence of inward powers, there is necessarily connected a comparative exemption from change; and consequently, where this is not counteracted, a character of strength and solidity. In what language on earth is not the rock the metaphor of passive and supporting strength, of that on which reliance may be placed?

The next point is, that though in the lifeless object the form cannot be referred to will and mind in the object, it may yet be referable to a will and in-

telligence as the impressing cause from without, and as such, therefore, representing the intelligent will, may be an object of complacency to an intelligence that contemplates it;—for in all outward objects, the human mind seeks to find a reflection of itself, delights in it when found, and when not found, delights to impress it. The poet, the botanist, the enlightened lover of nature, finds in the venerable yew-tree the marks of fitness, correspondency, in short, all the characters of an intelligent author. In elder times, in the youth of mankind, most happily realized in the early periods of Greece, when the imagination worked as the proxy of the reason, each lofty growth of the forest had its Dryad or Hamadryad, and the beauty and intelligence felt therein was referred to an in-dwelling agent; and there are moments in which every man of sensibility, who has cultivated the sense of beauty in nature, during the contemplation of some magnificent tree in its grandeur or beauty, without adopting the fancy of the mythological time, yet feels how natural that fancy was. Descend a few steps lower in the scale of mind and cultivation, the same instinct will be found, but without the same perception,—the marks of Will and Intelligence are not found, but they are missed,—what is not found must be supplied; and the venerable yew is trimmed and shorn down to an Adam and Eve, or a peacock! Sufficient proofs, first, that not only the Beautiful, but that whatever appears as Beauty, must have some reference, more or less distinct, to intelligent Will; and secondly, that there is a *scale of Beauty*, proportioned to the order of minds, or to the different degrees of cultivation, to which the constituent faculties, and still more, the harmony of all these faculties, have attained; and of this scale, though to no part of it can the term Beauty be absolutely denied, yet to the higher grades alone must we attach the name especially, and without qualification.

I am not certain whether our language can supply terms of common use capable of designating this difference; at least, the Latin seems in this particular instance more happy. The lowest, or most general species of the Beautiful, is expressed in the word *forma*; and availing ourselves of this, we may consider the word *Form* as expressing the necessary condition of all objective Beauty, and as itself beautiful in the lowest grade. If this *Form* exists for itself alone, or most prominently, the result is *Formality*; and we feel that the *Formal*, without precluding the sense of Beauty, yet counteracts it, for minds at least capable of a higher species, by exciting the craving for a something else that is not present. To minds of a more vulgar character, on the other hand, this very *Formality* constitutes the Beauty,—it is the great dawn of the sense of the Beautiful on the half-awakened mind. But when this *Form* co-exists with other pleasurable elements, as in the golden wheel given by poet or painter to the chariot of the God of Day, the *Formal* undergoes, as it were, an apotheosis, it passes into the *formosus*; and though a something of the pedantic would now attach to the introduction of the *Formose* into our own language, yet I could mention some score or more of polysyllabic words derived from the Latin or Greek, for the introduction of which not half as good reason could be assigned.

In what has been now said, I have shown the principle of Symmetry, and this in its lowest and simplest form, namely, a symmetrical arrangement of straight lines. Take a straight line of itself, and there is nothing to exclude the notion of the Causeless, Arbitrary, Imperfect. Divide it unequally—it has the effect of Accident. Bisect it, and it begins to assume the character of an intelligent purpose. Let the divisions of the same line be numerous;—if equal, a *sameness* is the result; the regularity becomes either the mark of a purely mechanical purpose—a necessity in order to some extrinsic design; or by the multiplicity produces the contrary effect, that of Confusion,—a painful effect, which we all instinctively feel in the awful aversion with which we regard the shapeless jelly-fish and the multiform centipede. But let the divisions be unequal, yet *proportionate*, and a complacency is felt; for here both the powers are present and reconciled—Intelligence and Freedom—it is Freedom self-governed that manifests itself in the production of Order.

We may ascend a step higher, yet still remaining within the precincts of lifeless nature,—and in crystals we behold a number of straight lines, bearing an

evident relation to each other, and, as such, excluding all suspicion of the accidental and casual; and though the products of crystallization be lifeless, we are yet compelled to refer this mutual correspondency of its lines and surfaces to a principle in the product, which yet is not life, for we do not refer it to any individual agency. The agency is the same in every individual of the same class; we refer it, therefore, to a law in nature, and in this we supply the necessary condition of Will and Intelligence, without which we may safely defy any man to conceive a law. But it is only in the lowest sense of the word Beautiful that we could call a crystal, merely as a crystal, a beautiful object. It may be simply formal; but if in the multiplicity of its lines and surfaces there is a symmetrical unity, which enables us to see the total form as a whole, while the perception of the manner in which the complex parts conspire to the production of this effect is comparatively indistinct, there arises in our minds the notion of a certain Felicity, which (as I have shown) is associated with life, freedom, and a Will working in harmony with, but yet not controlled by, the intelligence. If, further, in the angles and surfaces of this crystal we see the play of light or lustre,—a kind of substitute for life, an attribution of motion in the moveless,—then we no longer hesitate to name it beautiful, and we class such crystals among the beauties of still life.

And here we reach the limits of the Rectilinear, single and unaccompanied. Anticipating its combination with higher powers, we first showed that it contained in itself the possible character of determinate motion, function, and, as such, was the simplest element of Expression. Excluding this, we found it characteristic of the Imperfect, the Fragmentary, and the Lifeless; and yet, even from the necessary properties of the latter attribute, we found in it the capability of representing the Solid, the Secure, the Permanent. We then considered the forms in which the Rectilinear could be presented free from the characters of Imperfection, and from the accidentality, which marks the negation of intelligent Will; this we found in Symmetry, and in the Formal, as the minimum of Beauty; from the Formal we ascended to the Formosus, from the Formal to the beautiful in Form, and in the crystal and the sparkling gem we found the summit of the Beauty of Still Life,—that is, of the Lifeless, under conditions that imitate or recal the associations of life, mind, and freedom.

Finally, if beauty of form is to be found in the Straight Line, it must not be merely as a result from the adjustment of parts, however necessary a condition of beauty; the wholeness must be supplied by *intrinsic* relations, and this can only be effected by Composition, which, in order to satisfy the requirements of the Beautiful, must far rather remind us of the unity of the forms of *organic life*, than that of the combinations of *mechanism*. Even in the single line, as we have already seen, in order to its presenting a pleasing form, there must be divisions, and these divisions having such a relation to each other, that a unity is the effect; and this will be more pleasing, will approach nearer to the Beautiful, according as the sense of unity is more present to the mind than the mode in which it is produced by the proportion of the parts. In order to be convinced of this, we need only present to the fancy a rectilinear column, the total form of which results from three or four obvious, and as it were mechanical ratios, and contrast this with the proportions of an Ionic or Corinthian pillar, in which the proportions, though demonstrable in science, yet for the eye (especially if presented in a single column of porphyry or verd antique) pass so insensibly the one into the other, as to be known only by the total effect,—felt, rather than at the moment understood. In a common dwelling sufficient unity may be given by some simple plan of symmetry; but if, instead of an ordinary house, a palace is intended, or any magnificent edifice characteristic of wealth, power, or taste, more prominent and strongly marked distinctions and relations are required, by the super-addition of wing, tower, cupola, colonnade, or whatever decorative supplement the genius of the artist may supply; but, assuredly, as every organic whole, from the polyp up to man, indicates a higher and more effective principle of unity, in proportion as the parts are more

numerous, and at the same time more various, so—in order to secure to any such multitudinous assemblage of architectural parts the complacency of fine art, and that most general condition of the beautiful, the many seen as one,—organic unity must have been given by intrinsic correlation, and by the one and indivisible spirit in-breathed by the genial mind of the artist. In proportion to the attainment of this unity—by the close interdependence of parts, each having its several end, and by their intimate union to one,—will the design be perfected into the Individuality proposed, be it a York Minster, a St. Paul's Cathedral, or a Parthenon; and wherever any such felicitous result has been achieved, the constructive idea, as in the forms of organic life, will still, as it were, animate the whole, and be expressed in the total character and in the prevailing unity. In short, whatever hath not life in itself, can receive the character of the Beautiful only by referring us to a will, intelligence, and life, elsewhere existing, and must imitate what in its own nature it does not possess; and herein I seem to myself to have found the common ground of architectural and organic forms, which, if it does not justify, may yet explain the analogies which Vitruvius and Michael Angelo have asserted to exist between the proportions of architecture and those of the human form. The natural bee-hive has not without good reason been contemplated by philosophic naturalists as analogous to crystallization, and I know not why the magnificent edifices of a Palladio and a Wren, a Windsor Castle, or the time-honoured remains of our ecclesiastical architecture, may not be contemplated as crystals in their highest power and dignity,—crystallizations of human genius.

From the rectilinear, from crystallization, and those forms under which the beautiful can be combined with the rectilinear, we ascend to the Vegetable World, and therein to the birth of the Curvilinear, and its combination with, and modification of, the rectilinear. In the vegetable world life first manifests itself, though in its first and lowest form, namely, growth; for even the functions of the vegetable stop in the product,—growths, not acts, are the manifestations of its inward life. Lines, surfaces, angle, the column, meet us here as in the crystal world; but here the rectilinear is ever combined with the curve, and as in the trunk, the stately column, the rectilinear remains only as giving the direction to the form: and herein, again, no longer appears to obey an outward or mechanical necessity, but the trunk swells and diminishes harmoniously, with a variety in each individual of the same species, that we cannot but connect with the power of an inward life. In the foliage, again, we meet, as in the crystal, with straight lines meeting in angles, but bending into the curvilinear, with more or less approach to the circular, and the most so in those which we regard as most beautiful, the petals of the flowers. In how many of these, or in their nectaries, we perceive the same source of pleasure that we have in contemplating the elegant forms of the ancient vases,—that harmony of form, which the free and living mind of the artist communicates to the clay, and thus makes it an enduring echo of his own productive life.

Meanwhile the connexion with intelligent Will may here, too, be traced. The Cathedral-aisle in the forest; or the cool cavern-like hollows in its deeper and denser shades; the Pillar-like form of the trunks, while the intertwining branches constitute the apparent Roof—all these associations and expressions of delight are familiar to every lover of Nature and of forest scenery in particular. It is a source of delight to the mind to behold, as the result of a will independent of our own, forms analogous to those which we produce by a determination of our own will. And if we behold with delight the living forest shape itself into forms which, from their fitness to devotional feelings, we had been wont to impress on lifeless nature—so, on the other hand, in our uncertainty with respect to the architects of the minsters and cathedrals of England, and under the excitement of the same feelings, we may almost fancy them the growths and products of an in-dwelling life—petrefacts of a vegetative life, that, with instinctive intelligence, had grown into a self-constructed temple.

In passing on to the higher forms of life, I have to remind you that the Rectilinear is not necessarily inferior to the Curvilinear, but only when in disjunction

from it. As the Radial, we have already seen it simultaneous and in necessary union with the Spherical; and the true position would, therefore, be, that the Straight line becomes, in its own right, an equal co-efficient of the Beautiful, and equally a character of life and volition with the Curvilinear; but that, in this case, it represents a yet higher form of life than the Curvilinear—it becomes the symbol of Function, of determinate movement, of intelligent act and purpose, and as such, the exponent of the highest form of life, that of animated beings, and whatever of higher name arises out of it.

The sheet-lightning may express the state of the air, and its expansion become an object of beauty—even of tranquil beauty: the lightning in its rectilinear path, or by capricious change in its direction angular and zig-zag, is among the most striking expressions of Nature—the wild, the terrific function of the clouds! Thus, the human arm in repose, naturally adopts some curve, as we so often see in the Madonnas and Holy Mothers of Raffaele; and the position adds to the quiet beauty of which it forms a part. The same arm called into act, as of resistance and conflict, becomes straight as the sword with which it prolongs itself; and scarcely less in the higher function of command and communicative power—witness the Saviour in the Cartoon committing the trust of the keys. Again, in the human countenance, make the face round, and the artist intends it as the negation of expression: with all aids and favourable accompaniments, a round face is, at best, but pretty. In the oval, we recognize the line of beauty; but to give it expression, though it were but the expression of dignified beauty, the straight line must modify the forehead and nose. In the state of quiet, the well-formed lips present a gentle curve: let the same express some determined act, or energy of the will or intellect, and they become compressed; and that compression, when habitual, becomes the symbol of the energetic and commanding genius.

Thus, we are led back insensibly to our original and fundamental position—namely, that Beauty and Expression are the two poles—the centripetal and centrifugal forces of all Fine Art. And now, in the simplest elements of form we meet the same opposition—the same combination. In the Curvilinear, in all its varieties, we have the characteristic symbol of Beauty, of Life, and Spontaneity, as manifested in growth and product; while, in the Rectilinear and Angular—sometimes as such, more often as modified, but always as connected with the former—we have the symbols and elementary characters of all Expression; that is, of Life and Will—as Passion, Act, or Purpose.

That the Curved Line, however, is not so properly named the symbol of life universally as of the products of life considered as the power of Growth; and that, on the other hand, the Straight Line may not be declared the character of the Lifeless and Imperfect, unless the position be qualified, by adding its disjunction from the Curvilinear, and unmodified by it,—are no barren truths. Thus, in order to make the Curved Line expressive of the higher powers of life, the line must not so return on itself as to become, as it were, imprisoned in its own outline. The circle, or disc, the hollow or solid cylinder, the globe, and the like, will express the permanent product of life, rather than life itself. To express the highest form of Beauty, which is, at the same time, the higher form of life—Will and Intelligence—the line must so return on itself as to be, at the same time, progressive, and not merely cyclical: it must express the direction, the determinate function, of which the Straight Line is the symbol, with the continuity, the self-retention, the continuance of the past in every present, and in every present the anticipation and promise of a future, of which the Cyclical is the exponent; and this is given in the Spiral Line, and in all those endless varieties of Undulating Curves, the various geometrical forms of which will be found by the gifted eye through the ascent of Nature, from the plant and zoophyte even up to man—will be found, I say, gleaming through the actual form like those regular figures, Circle, Ellipse, Triangle, Pyramid, which, modified and disguised by spontaneity, volition, passion, and intelligent act, may be traced in the master-pieces of our great artists.

But my time and limits will not permit any further illustration, and will compel me to be brief and

general in the remaining element of Objective Beauty—the Colours, beyond what the interest of the subject would, but for my limits, have required.

While we were treating of Form, or the produce of lines, we saw reason to regard the curved line as more properly and eminently the elementary symbol of Beauty, the straight line in combination with it as the symbol of Expression; but when we take the Lineal, including both straight and curved as one constituent, and Light and Colours as the other, a similar opposition will be found between these as between the straight line and the curved;—by opposition, I mean a pre-eminent character of Beauty in the one, of Expressiveness in the other; and in comparing the Lineal, that is, the Form, with the Colour, I do not hesitate to affirm that the Form belongs more especially to the Beautiful, and the Colour to the Expressive. The rudest beholder feels the effect produced by painting the grey walls of an apartment, and exclaims: "What a life it gives to the room!" or "How much more lively it looks!"—And the ground of this is in the nature of Colour itself;—it is the only language for the eye, by which the inward qualities of the objects without us are expressed. Were we to consider this, however, as an expression in behalf of science, or for the discovery of truth, the deciphering of the same would require such an infinity of researches and accumulative experiences that, though the fact cannot be doubted that the colours of objects stand in a connexion of cause and effect with the distinct qualities and individual natures of the coloured objects, yet the language must be confessed to have failed hitherto in becoming an intelligible language for scientific purposes. But with all this the poet, the painter, or the enjoyer of beauty has little or no connexion, little or no interest—sufficient for him is it that Colour is Expression generally, gives an expressiveness to Nature of what in each particular instance he may be ignorant or uncertain, but which he still contemplates with a complacency not dissimilar to that with which a Columbus may be supposed to have watched the tremblings, dips, and declinations, of the magnetic needle in the compass, assured that therein the whole earth, the universal mother Nature, was revealing to him some great law and function of her own life, though in characters of which he had not obtained the key—a complacency not unlike that with which we should behold a group of figures in evident animated conversation, but at a distance too great to distinguish the subject which interested them. Need I say that this very generality, this absence of specific and definite significance, renders it but the more fit to call all our faculties into that equable and proportionable excitement, into that living balance, in which we have found the essence of Subjective Beauty, the sense and the fruition of the Beautiful? and if we pass from Colour generally to particular colours, it would not be difficult, I suspect, to establish their symbolical character, that is, an Expressiveness of Affections, Feelings, Total states of the Mind,—gay, solemn, tender, vehement—which in tending to disturb the balance, enliven and prolongs its duration.

Finally, Gentlemen, if in the beginning I ventured to assert that the perfection of artistic genius consists in the integration by balance of the powers of the inward man in order to the production of expressive Beauty; and that Nature in the sphere of her productivity aims at a similar consummation in the crown of her productions,—then, I shall have completed my task by showing that the organic frame of man is the final achievement of that type of characteristic excellence, which, in being the corporeal condition of the proper humanity, constitutes its pre-eminent claim to expressive beauty.

In a comparison of the frame and capabilities of man with those of the inferior animals, if we take the human frame as the ideal standard of Form, it will be found that all others present so many declensions from the Ideal; and it will be admitted from this survey, that man is unquestionably endowed with that structure, the perfection of which is revealed in such a balanced relation of the parts to a whole as may best fit it for a being exercising intelligent choice, and destined for moral freedom. It is not, therefore, an absolute perfection of the constituents singly, but the proportional development of all, and their harmonious constitution to one, for which we contend;—a constitution which implies, in man, pre-eminently the endow-

ment of rational will as necessary for the control and adjustment of the balance. Man has not the quick hearing of the timid herbivorous animals, but it was not intended that he should catch the sound of distant danger, and be governed by his fears; he has not the piercing sight of the eagle, nor the keen scent of the beast of prey, but neither was man intended to be the fellow of the tiger, or a denizen of the forest. Hence, too, the departure from the perfect proportion of man, which we observe in the inferior animals, may be regarded as deformity by exaggeration or defect, dependent upon the preponderance of a part that necessitates a particular use, or the absence of a part that deprives the animal of a power, and in both instances alike abrogates that freedom, for which provision is made in the harmonious proportions of the human fabric. Dilate the head, and you have a symptom of disease: protrude the jaws, you have a voracious animal: lengthen the ears, timidity is expressed: let the nose project, and the animal is governed by his scent: enlarge the belly, and you are reminded of the animal appetites: long arms may fit him for an inhabitant of the trees, and a companion of the ape; and predominant length of legs is infallibly associated with the habits of the wading or leaping animals. In all, regarding man's form, with reference to his destination, as the ideal standard, the means become ends, deformity prevails and becomes the badge of unintelligent slavery to the mere animal nature.

Man alone is erect. It is to this posture that the body of man owes the character, impressed on the total frame, of its emancipation from subserviency to the mere animal needs, and becomes expressive of mind and of free and intelligent action. It will be seen that the lower limbs, answering the purposes of support and locomotion, have alone any obvious or necessitated utility; while the upper extremities are in consequence left at liberty as the ready and facile instruments of his will. Hence, too, the senses are best freed from their servitude to the bodily wants, and the countenance is raised as the expressive exponent of thoughts and feelings, which the mouth declares and interprets by words. And thus, as the stem bears the corolla, the head is carried on high, as the most noble part of the frame which it surmounts; all the rest of the body seems intended to carry it;—and when considered in its fitness for expression, it may be said to be representative of the whole man.

In man, then, we find the organic structure completed, and the total organization exhibiting the most perfect attainment of corporeal existence as the medium and condition of the operation of soul, spirit, or power. In all the animated beings below man the body may be said to constitute the animal, in him it is the organ and instrument of a moral agent; in short, the organization of man is no longer the mere perfecting of the animal structure, it is its *apotheosis*.

It would be a mere waste of time to dwell here on the objective beauty of the human form. It is unnecessary to insist on the ordonnance and correspondence of the parts, which constitute the symmetry of the body; yet it will be observed, that even in its great divisions, while order is preserved, the formality is hidden and subdued, and in all its forms the tendency to any regular figure is modified and disguised by the spontaneity of life. The elliptical figures which prevail in the head and trunk, and the cylindrical shapes of the neck and extremities, are but dimly perceived, and are made to relax and flow into every variety of sinuous and undulating line, of now swelling, now dimpling surface, rendered more animated in motion by an ever shifting and infinitely varied play of forms, blended and united by the pliant tegument, which at once hides and reveals the moving forces. And you will not require me to remind you, that under all the varieties of expressive movement, the very structure of the body, and the mechanism of its motions, tend to reduce its movements to the beautiful, or to solve them into grace, or animated beauty—a fact, of which we may convince ourselves in watching the sinuous movements of the dancer, where, aided by the totality of motion in the dancer, they present a harmony by continuity, a problem of grace, which is ever solving and ever beginning anew. Beauty of attitude and grace of carriage are, however, intimately connected with the maintenance of the equipoise of the body. No attitude can be beautiful, in which the idea of repose is

not conveyed by that permanence and security which results from a perfectly felt balance. "Grace of carriage requires a perfect freedom of motion, with a firmness of step arising from a constant bearing of the centre of gravity over the base of support"—it includes ease and security; and in both, whether it be motion becoming fixed as attitude, or attitudes presenting themselves in the shaping flow of motion, beauty and grace reveal themselves in self-command, in freedom made manifest by self-control.

And here we are again led back to that characteristic excellence of man's frame, which in being the corporeal condition of the proper humanity constitutes its pre-eminent claim to expressive beauty,—namely, that balanced relation of its parts, which while it permits and requires beyond that of any other animal the adjustment of all the living powers and faculties to a balance, is in truth the expression—or aptitude to express the state and attainment—of the inward balance of the moral mind. Not the equilibrium itself is nature's work and gift, but only the capability, the materials and the fitness: the equilibrium itself must be man's own act and deed; and what other name can we give to this persistent act of balancing than unity of Moral Will, that is, of the human Personality, or conscious Self—that which every man means when he says I? Hence, if, as we have asserted, the sense and fruition of Beauty and the excellence of artistic genius consist in the balance or equally excited state of all the constituent faculties and attributes of our proper humanity, then we may affirm with equal truth and propriety that the human body is best fitted to reveal the proportional adjustment, in which the sense and productive power of beauty attest their presence; and since the harmony and equilibrium of the constituent powers of our humanity are no less the character of the moral being than of Beauty, we are entitled to add, that it therein becomes the exponent of subjective beauty in its highest dignity—that of the Moral Man, and of that integration of his being by the harmony and continuity of his Moral Will, which is the common character of Taste, of Genius, and of Moral Integrity.

It is then by the fitness of his organization for a harmony, and harmonious co- and sub-ordination of his powers, that man stands without a rival at the head of organic nature, and as the centre of that sphere of production, in which nature is artist and artisan—it is by the fitness of man's living presence, when contemplated in the full development of his powers, for exciting in the mind of the beholder the complacency produced by the living balance of all its constituent faculties—the reflex and echo of the productive mind of the artist—that it becomes the highest aim and most beautiful object of fine art;—it is, however, by its fitness to reveal—that which its perfection implies—the harmony of the constituent powers of the humanity, the moral life, in which all distinct premeditation of will or intellect is hidden in the spontaneity and facility of a life that moves and acts unconsciously under the gentle influence of the True and the Good—it is in its fitness, I say, to become, as the translucent medium of subjective beauty, the exponent of the moral life, that we recognize its high excellence, and therein, because grounded in the constitution of the mind itself, the subjective and ideal character of its proper beauty.

What more outward forms, what gestures, what motions of the features can adequately convey to us the unity of the Moral Will, and the inward life of the True and the Good? The expressions of Innocence, Meekness, Tenderness, Devotion, Holiness, Dignity, Majesty—these acknowledge only a spiritual character, and consist alone with the gentle animation compatible with the unity and repose of beauty of the countenance, which is the test and pledge of the inward peace from which they spring. And it is only necessary to contrast with these the disturbances and loss of balance wrought by the gust and swell of the wilder and fiercer passions, to be convinced that the higher and properly human expressions derive their essential character from the equilibrium of the features and unity of the countenance, which manifest the presence and controlling power of the Moral Will.

And though we may admit that even in man's outward form and bearing we perceive a beauty, which in respect of its corporeal conditions is that of earth's noblest animal;—yet in contemplating the sensible body (as we are bound to do) as the symbol

and hieroglyph of the inward man, the Spiritual breaks forth, the husk drops off, and we acknowledge that the proper beauty of man is the impress of the Divine Image, in which man was originally made.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

French literature has just sustained a heavy loss in M. Casimir Delavigne, who died at Lyons on the 10th of this month, at the age of forty-nine. He had been for some time an invalid, and, at the moment of his decease, was on his way to Montpellier, in the hope of there re-establishing his health. He was born at Havre, made himself known as a poet at the age of seventeen, and at twenty produced a dithyrambic on the birth of the King of Rome, which still further attracted attention to his name. At a later period his 'Messéniennes' established his poetical reputation, to which he subsequently added the triumphs of a dramatist, in 'Les Vêpres Siciliennes,' 'Les Comédiens,' 'La Princesse Aurélie,' 'L'Ecole des Vieillards,' 'La Popularité,' 'Don Juan d'Autriche,' and 'Le Conseiller Rapporteur,' comedies; 'Le Paria,' 'Marino Faliero,' 'Louis XI.,' 'Les Enfants d'Edouard,' 'Une Famille au Temps de Luther,' and 'La Fille du Cid,' tragedies. Though, we presume, M. Delavigne would not have accepted the title of Romanticist, his works are but pseudo-classical. Though they have neither the tenderness of Count Alfred de Vigny, nor the passion and force of M. Victor Hugo, they are as far, on the other hand, from the pompous regularity which the old statues of the French Stage and the French Academy demanded, and of which we have lived—strange to say—to see a partial and successful revival in the 'Lauréate' of M. Ponsard. Correct, elegant, high-toned, they are often rhetorically powerful, but seldom marked by those strokes of genius, and those strains of feeling, lacking which, the writer of odes must, in the end, become wearisome, and the dramatist content himself with merely a temporary success. Still, the loss of M. Delavigne will, for the moment, be felt all the more, for this very moderation. He was, of course, a member of the Académie, and held also the appointment of Librarian at Fontainebleau. His mortal remains have been brought to Paris, and his funeral was to take place on Wednesday last, at the church of St. Vincent-de-Paul. The Théâtre Français was to be closed on the evening of the funeral, and the actors have resolved to place a bust of M. Casimir Delavigne, executed in marble, in the saloon of the theatre.

The Institute of the Fine Arts has not yet assumed such a character as to justify our formal recognition of it among the established brotherhood, yet the members are active and energetic, and it may be interesting if we record progress. A general meeting, for the purpose of founding the Society, took place, as our readers may remember, in June last, at the Freemasons' Tavern. The first meeting for the season was held in the rooms of the Society of Arts on Saturday last. Letters were read from Lord Francis Egerton and Sir John C. Swinburne, Bart., accepting the invitation of the Council to become Vice-Presidents of the Institute. By the Report of the Council we find that the Institute already numbers between 200 and 300 members.—A paper was read by Mr. Park, Sculptor, on the propriety of petitioning the legislature to establish a "Hall of Sculpture," to contain "casts from all the great works of antiquity," to be open during the day to the public, in the evening to artists only, properly lighted for study.—Another paper, on the subject of frames for moveable frescoes, was read by Mr. Buss, showing, by means of diagrams, how to provide against the chances of the Intonaco cracking, or chipping off, which, he said, was to be feared from the size required by the Royal Commission in the next competition.—Resolutions were then passed, of thanks to the Royal Commission for its efforts to advance Historic Art, and expressive of the approbation of the Meeting at the "appointment of two artists of distinguished professional rank, to the offices of Keeper of the National Gallery, and Conservator of the Pictures in the Royal Palaces."

We had occasion some time since (*ante*, p. 654), in an obituary notice, to record the death of that "Royal" project for the encouragement of "artists, men of science and ingenuity" the Polytechnic Art-Union; when it appeared that the subscriptions amounted to

1160*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.* and the expenditure to 1150*l.* 3*s.*; which sum included 250*l.* distributed in prizes! We have now to add a few words of farewell to his "brzen brother" the great "National" Art-Union. It appears, from a brief, imperfect, but significant report in the *Times*, that the "annual" (?) meeting of the society took place this week at Freemasons' Hall, when it was stated, for the gratification of the credulous, that the expenditure had exceeded the receipts by a very considerable sum, the expenditure being 5000*l.* and the receipts 2600*l.*!

The Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers have awarded the following Telford and Walker Premiums:—A Telford medal in silver to F. W. Simms, for his papers 'On the application of Horse-power to raising Water,' &c., and 'On Brick-making.' A Telford medal in silver to W. Pole, for his papers 'On the friction of Steam Engines,' &c., and 'On the pressure and density of Steam,' &c. A Telford medal in silver to T. Oldham, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Automaton Balance, invented by Mr. Cotton, and used at the Bank of England for weighing sovereigns.' A Telford premium of books, to D. Mackain, for his paper 'On the supply of Water to the City of Glasgow.' A Telford premium of books to D. Bremmer, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Victoria Bridge over the River Wear.' A Telford premium of books, to D. T. Hope, for his paper 'On the relative merits of Granite and Wood Pavements and Macadamized Roads.' A Walker premium of books, to R. Mallet, for his paper 'On the co-efficient of Labouring-force in Water Wheels,' &c. A Walker premium of books, to W. J. M. Rankine, for his papers and drawings 'On laying down Railway-curves,' 'On the Spring-contractor for Railway Carriages,' and 'On the Causes of the Fracture of Railway Axles,' &c. A Walker premium of books, to W. J. Baker, for his 'Description and Drawings of the Water Pressure Engine, at the Alte Mordgrube Mine (Freyberg).' A Walker premium of books, to S. C. Homersham, for his paper and drawings 'On the construction of Valves for Pumps,' &c. A Walker premium of books, to J. O. York, for his paper 'On the comparative strength of Solid and Hollow Axles.' A Walker premium of books, to G. D. Bishop, for his 'Description of the American Locomotive Engine "Philadelphia," used on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway.' A Walker premium of books, to G. B. W. Jackson, for the drawings illustrating 'The description of Machines for raising and lowering Miners,' by John Taylor.

The proposed arrangements as to the English Opera House, to which we adverted last week, have been defeated by one of the parties, at the eleventh hour, making an unexpected objection. Mr. Keeley, however, as we are informed, holds to the bargain, but does not intend to open the theatre until Easter. It is due to Mr. Arnold to say, that no blame attaches to him. The "legitimate Drama" will, therefore, remain without a home for another season.

Mr. Burford has provided for the holiday-goers by opening a picture of Tréport Harbour, as it appeared at the disembarkation of Her Majesty on her recent visit to France. This, in point of execution, is the best figure-panorama we recollect, closeness of resemblance, of course, not being possible. Nor is the scene so unpicturesque as such pageants frequently become amid the regular architecture of a city; for the drawn-up troops and the drawn-out courtiers and spectators, and the royal group show in agreeable contrast to the ruder background—a small fishing town, built on a chalk cliff. All the details, as we have said, are carefully painted.

Will be shortly closed.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Two Pictures, now exhibiting, represent the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, with effects of Sunset and Moonlight, painted by M. RENOUX, and the BASILICA of ST. PAUL, near Rome, before and after its destruction by Fire, painted by M. BOUXX. Open from Ten till Four.—N.B. The Gloria, from Haydn's Service, No. 1, will be performed during the midnight effect of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Christmas Holidays.

At the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION an increase of POWERFUL and BRILLIANT EFFECTS in ELECTRICITY is exhibited by ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE. A new field is opened for investigating, on a magnified scale, a variety of objects in ART, SCIENCE, and NATURAL HISTORY, by means of LONGOTT'S OPAQUE MICROSCOPE, showing also an extraordinary OPTICAL ILLUSION. NEW DIS-SOLVING VIEWS. A List of the POPULAR LECTURES which will be delivered during the Week is suspended in the Hall of Manufactures. Holloway's ORIGINAL CRAYON DRAWINGS from RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS, numerous MODELS in MOTION, DIVER and DIVING BELL. Conductor of the Band—T. Wallis, Mus. Doc. Admission, One Shilling.—Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 11.—Mr. Murchison, President, in the chair. The Secretary read a paper by Dr. Beke, 'On the Countries to the South of the river Abai,' with respect to which, says Dr. Beke, the information hitherto laid before the public is very meagre; and the few details which we do possess, being derived from the accounts of single individuals, are subject to the defects which the unsupplied relations of natives of uncivilized countries always are. Dr. Beke's memoir was accompanied by a map, showing, in detail, the several countries extending over the space between the 6th and 10th degrees of N. latitude, and the 35th and 39th degrees of E. longitude; with respect to which, the author says, "whatever may be its errors, it is, I believe, the first attempt to arrange the countries to the south of the Abai in anything like form; I flatter myself, therefore, it will be received as a valuable addition to our knowledge of these regions." It is impossible for us to do more, on the present occasion, than allude to a few of the main features of the many interesting particulars of Dr. Beke's communication. After describing the general character of the Galla table-land, as well as particular portions of it, such as Nonno, Gúma, Chelea, Síbu, and Walléga, he mentions a vast forest as lying between Walléga, Gúma Géra and Káffa, through which the caravans going to the last named country, have to pass. The merchants describe it as so thick as to be impervious to the rays of the sun, and say that they have to travel four or five days through it, without obtaining a sight of that luminary. In this forest, are the heads of the rivers Gójeb, Gába, and Dedhésa, and also, apparently, of the Gíbbi of Enárea. Beyond Amuri, to the westward, are Hébanu and Limmu (called Limmu-Sóbo, to distinguish it from the Limmu of Enárea), and beyond these again is an extensive desert tract called Hándak, through which flows a large river joining the Abai. This river, in its position, coincides with the Yabus, and we have here, beyond all doubt, the Habábia of M. Jomard's informant Wáre (Ouaré). After giving a brief description of the Gallá districts of Gúderu, Híther Djemma and Nonno, the traveller enters into a lengthened account of the kingdom of Enárea, governed by the Moham-medan King Ibsa, better known as Abbaí Bógíbo, i.e. "the possessor (master) of Bógíbo, his favourite war-horse; such being the Galla custom of designating their chiefs. Enárea is celebrated for its coffee, of which there are large woods in the vicinity of Sakka, the capital and chief market of the country. These woods are described as containing trees, the trunks of which are from two to three feet in diameter; a size far exceeding anything of the kind elsewhere. The coffee crop begins in December. It is generally sold by the mule load, which costs a dollar, without regard to the quantity; and large powerful mules are trained as market mules, which carry away with them two ordinary loads. The people of Enárea are the most civilized of all Galla land, and manufactures flourish in a higher degree than elsewhere in this quarter of Africa.

Gúma joins Enárea to the W., being governed by Abba Rébu. It is the custom, through all these countries, to sell whole families for the offence of one individual; a custom more prevalent in Gúma than elsewhere.

Further (or Káffa) Djemma is governed by Sánná, surnamed Abba Djufár, who is the most powerful of the Galla monarchs. At Folla, or Polla, a town within his dominions, young male slaves are mutilated in order to qualify them for attendants in the harems of the great.

The government of Djándjero appears to be despotism, not merely absolute, but of the most capricious description. All the males, except the monarch and his children's children, have both breasts cut off, and are otherwise mutilated, in order to disqualify them for reigning. The tanners and other inferior castes are exempted from this custom, for the strange reason, that as they are not freemen, and consequently no one would submit to their rule, there is no fear of their pretending to the government. At Yejubbi, Dr. Beke saw a couple of boys from Djándjero, both eunuchs, one of whom was purchased for forty dollars by an agent of our ally, Sáhela Selassie, the Christian King of Shoa. The slaves of Djándjero are the fairest

brought to Báso market. The native name is Yángaro, Djándjero being the Galla pronunciation, as Zindjero is the usual Abyssinian appellation. The people of Djándjero are pagans, different from the Gallas, and the language is quite dissimilar. Káffa is a large and powerful Christian kingdom, governed by a monarch whose title is Tháto, and who claims to be descended from the Imperial family of Ethiopia. His capital is Bonga. There are only six or eight churches—probably a sort of abbey, and like those in Abyssinia, are at a considerable distance from each other; and when the king dies, his body is carried a week's journey to one of these churches, which is the usual place of sepulture of the monarchs. In Káffa, as in Djándjero and all the countries to the south of Galla-land, it is considered improper to eat grain of any sort—in fact, "grain-eater" is considered a term of reproach—the vegetable food of the country consists entirely of *énset*, which is cultivated in large quantities. So, too, the flesh of the ox alone of all animals, is used for food. Further, in Káffa, leather is not worn in any form. The higher classes wear cotton dresses, and the poorer weave the filaments of the *énset* into a coarser article of clothing. The *cinet* of Abyssinian commerce comes chiefly from Káffa, which country likewise produces coffee, chat (tea), and Korarima, a species of coriander taken to India by the way of Massowa. In Káffa, there is no dry season. Grain salt is brought thither by the way of Gobo, Woráta and Dóko, from the sea of Hind. Suro, to the W. of Káffa, is inhabited by pagan negroes, who take out two of the front teeth, and cut a hole in the lower lip, into which they insert a wooden plug. Beyond Káffa, further to the W. or N.W., are other Christian countries, extending far into the interior of Africa, as far as the river Báro. The original seat of the Gallas is said to have been beyond the Báro. As the universal tradition among these people is, that they came from Bargáma, which is generally understood as meaning beyond the *Bahr*, or sea, Dr. Beke suggests the likelihood of its meaning beyond the Báro.

Dóko, which country Dr. Beke was, if we mistake not, the first to bring to our knowledge, has been described by the Rev. Mr. Krapf, as inhabited by a race of *pigmies*. Dr. Beke heard nothing of this remarkable fact (if fact it be); but curiously enough, another traveller, Mr. D'Abbadie, in an account of them in the *Bulletin* of the Geographical Society of Paris, describes the people of Dóko, as "very large and muscular." Their language too, he says, has some resemblance to that of Woráta, which, from vocabularies collected by Dr. Beke, is cognate with those of Wolámo and Káffa, as well as with the Góngá language, spoken still in a part of Damot, to the N. of the Abai.

We have no space for more than to enumerate the names of Kúcha or Kuchash, Woráta, Wolaitza or Wolamo, Sikká, &c. &c., all further discussed by Dr. Beke, whose paper terminated with an investigation of the courses of the rivers running north-westward and south-eastward from the high table-land, forming the continuation of the grand anticalinal axis of Abyssinia, which is to be regarded as one extremity of the "backbone" of Africa. This investigation led to an animated discussion, in which Mr. Charles Johnston, a gentleman who has lately returned from Shoa, took part. Mr. Johnston advocated views, in some respects different from those propounded by Dr. Beke.

The paper being concluded, Capt. Grover handed to the President a letter from Sir Stratford Canning, which afforded the welcome intelligence, that there was great probability of Col. Stoddart being still alive.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 10.—F. Bailey, Esq. President, in the chair.—The Rev. J. M. Heath, M.A. was elected a Fellow.

The following communications were read:—
*Description of a small Observatory, constructed at Poona, in the year 1842, accompanied by observations of Eclipses, &c. of Jupiter's Satellites, by Lieut. W. S. Jacob, R.N.

Various letters and communications were read relating to the Comet seen in March last.

Right Ascensions and North Polar Distances of the Comet of Mauvais, observed at Hamburg, by C. Runker, Esq.

'On the Divisions of the Exterior Ring of the Planet Saturn,' by the Rev. W. R. Dawes.

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Dec. 18.—**W. Tite, Esq. V.P. in the chair.**—A communication was read from Mr. Ferrey, on Mr. Sylvester's process for rendering brick and porous stone impervious to wet; stating several instances in which it had been used with success. One case was that of a building on the sea-coast, almost uninhabitable from the water which drove through the walls during storms from the south-west, but which was rendered by this process perfectly dry. In another instance, an experiment had been made upon a cistern of Reigate stone, which had served its purpose for three years, without leaking. With regard to the cost of applying the process, the expense upon a large building, with a frontage of 100 feet, did not exceed 45s. The process in question was explained at the Institute by Mr. Sylvester during the last session, but it may be useful to repeat, that it consists of washing the brick or stone with a hot solution of three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap in a gallon of water, laid even with a large brush. This wash, after the space of twenty-four hours, is followed by a second, composed of half a pound of alum, thoroughly dissolved in four gallons of water. These materials are found to penetrate deeply into the wall, and to leave on the surface a thin scaly integument, causing no discoloration, and in fact imperceptible, except on a close inspection. Whether its effects are absolutely permanent, there has not yet been experience to show, but its renewal is so easy that the doubt can be no objection to its use.

Mr. Maughan gave some further explanation of Payne's Process for preserving Timber from Dry Rot, which was also brought before the Institute during the last session.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 6.—**W. Tooke, Esq., V.P., in the chair.**—**W. A. Graham and J. Kymer, Esqs.,** were elected members. In consequence of the illness of B. Rotch, Esq., V.P., the subjects intended for illustration were postponed. Mr. Horsman Solly explained, by means of models, a variety of locks, including the Arab lock of wood, supposed to have been found in one of the Pyramids of Egypt.—Mr. Varley exhibited a specimen of wheat straw, taken from a truss which had been purchased by him, from which he had gleaned nearly as much wheat as would pay for the whole truss of straw. This, he said, he was convinced was frequently the case, and he attributed it to the imperfect mode of threshing, as generally adopted, although so many excellent machines exist.

Dec. 13.—**B. B. Cabell, Esq., V.P., in the chair.**—The Secretary read a paper on Mr. Johnston's plan of forming a fixed breakwater, 'On Shipwrecks.' The plan is as follows: a series of distinct and separate caissons—each representing in external form one half of the pier of a bridge, with its cutwater presented to the sea—is to be formed in four to six fathoms water, according to localities. Each caisson to consist of cast-iron plates of large size, and one inch in thickness (prepared with coal-tar, so as to resist corrosion), bolted together by means of four-inch flanges; the whole to be filled with concrete, granite, or other suitable material. The lower part of each caisson, to the height of thirty-two feet, having a foundation platform of wood, to be completed on shore, and when prepared, to be launched, and towed out to its position, and then lowered; the whole to be secured to the bed of the sea by means of cast-iron piles, driven through tubes of the same material.—As the upper part of the caisson is put together, so is the interior to be filled up with the solid materials, and to be coped with clamped masonry. The weight of each caisson, complete, would be 4,500 tons; and the cost of a breakwater on this principle, extending to nearly a mile in length, is estimated at 297,800*l*.

The Secretary next read a paper, by Mr. Claudet, 'On the Daguerrotype Art,' including a complete history of its origin and progress; one of Mr. Claudet's assistants showing, by means of artificial light, the whole process of producing a picture. The most important part of this communication related to an improvement lately applied; it is a process of engraving on a metallic plate. M. Fizeau, who has effected one of the greatest improvements in the Daguerrotype, namely, the fixing of the image, is the discoverer of this new mode of engraving. Professor Grove has tried the process, which consists in dissolving, by the electrolytic process, those parts of the picture which

consist of pure silver. Thus the plate is etched in, and transformed into an engraved plate for printing; the action, however, of the galvanic battery sometimes extends to those parts which should remain unattacked.

Dec. 20.—**W. H. Hughes, Esq. V.P. in the chair.**—**A. H. Simpson, S. Lewis, jun., and C. K. Dyer, Esqs.,** were elected members.—The Secretary explained the Automaton Calculator invented by Dr. Roth, of Paris, by which any number, either simple or compound sums, may be rapidly and accurately added together, provided the whole amount does not exceed 999,999, or 999,999*l*. 19s. 11*d*. The instrument consists of an oblong mahogany box, 15½ inches long, 2½ inches wide, and 1 inch thick, having a metal plate at top, in which are 9 semi-annular perforations, beneath which are fixed the requisite trains of wheels. Round the perforations are engraved the index figures opposite to which, in the perforations, are the teeth of corresponding wheels. Under the indexes are 9 circular holes, in which the numbers set down appear, as if written on paper or a slate. To set down any required figure, a pointer is inserted in the notch corresponding with that figure on the index, and by pressing the pointer against the left hand tooth of the notch, it is moved down to the left extremity of the annular perforation, and the figure is at once exhibited in the circular hole beneath. When the operation of adding up any amount within the range already mentioned is finished, it is requisite that 0 should be shown in each of the semi-circular holes, before another operation can be performed; this is done by pulling out a slide at the left end of the instrument, which first gives 999,999*l*. 19s. 11*d*., and by adding 1*d*., the nine 0s are obtained at once.

Mr. G. A. Hughes, who has been blind for seven years, exhibited his system of Stenography.—The system consists of two dots, the one smooth and the other rough, which, with the aid of a guide line, are so arranged that all the letters of the alphabet, as also the numerals, are readily represented, merely by impressing the paper, either with the smooth end or rough end of the embossing instrument, in squares, regulated by what Mr. Hughes calls the formula, consisting of a brass frame, furnished with vertical and horizontal bars.

Mr. Taylor exhibited two Fire Escapes; and Mr. Higgs explained his improved Monochord, in which measurement has been applied to sound, and the actual relation of one tone to another, is shown on a scale of two feet.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Zoological Society, 8.—Scientific Business.
THUR. Numismatic Society, 7.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Designs for Sepulchral Monuments. By Carl Tottie, Architect. In 25 Plates, Engraved by H. Adlard.—We cannot enter a church or a cemetery without being struck with the bad taste and poverty of invention shown in the vast majority of sepulchral memorials; from the humble head-stone to the family tomb—from the plain tablet to the costly monument—the alternatives are bald ugliness on the one hand, or ostentatious tawdriness on the other. The exceptions are so few that they do but prove the rule; and though signs of improvement appear, they are neither so numerous nor so promising as could be desired. In the great majority of cases, the setting up of a tomb or stone is left to the traders in monuments, whose books of "patterns," submitted to the friends of the deceased, leave only a choice of new deformities or hackneyed commonplaces. The designer of a tomb should possess a taste for, and some knowledge of, either architecture or sculpture: the qualifications for the "monument-maker's" craft seem to consist in ignorance of both. Nor are the higher class of designs furnished by educated artists altogether unexceptionable; their merits are rarely more than of a negative kind, and usually those are best which least challenge remark; their merit scarcely ever amounts to more than a becoming simplicity and handsome proportions,—qualities of design not by any means to be undervalued, but at the same time the most elementary of those characteristics which go to make up a beautiful ensemble.

The cause of these defects appears to us to lie in the want of a proper understanding of the feelings to

be addressed in memorials of the departed, and of the way to awaken those feelings: certain it is, that the smile of pity at mistaken piety, or the laugh of derision at ostentatious pride, are the emotions most frequently excited in visiting a modern cemetery.

The object of a sepulchral monument is, in the first place, to mark the spot where the remains of mortality lie buried: a mound of turf, a stone, or a cross suffices for this purpose. The name of the deceased, and the dates of his birth and death, furnish all that is necessary in ordinary cases. But grief is eloquent, and love makes survivors anxious that others should share their admiration of the lost one: hence the tomb must help to express what they feel, and to excite sympathizing emotions in others, as well as to honour the memory of the departed. And here is the difficulty: words are at command—though epitaphs are proverbially fallacious, and oftener absurd than touching—but art is at a loss for a language of form to convey significant ideas. The Christian symbol, the cross, is intelligible and appropriate only as an emblem of the faith of the deceased, but this has been narrowed by custom to a sign of the Roman Catholic creed, though its applicability to all classes of Christians is now advocated; and a beautiful and expressive symbol it is, admitting of a great variety of elegant forms and devices, and being equally pleasing to the eye, whether plain or ornamented. If it be desirable to perpetuate the features, a medallion-profile, sunk in the surface of an upright stone, is the most unobtrusive, expressive, and inexpensive mode; so much so, that we wonder it is not more frequently adopted. Then there are the engraved brasses, on which the effigy of the person "in his habit as he lived," is figured by an incised outline filled with black—quiet and lasting memorials of old fashion that are being revived with good effect. But if anything beyond a record of the person and faith of the deceased be desired, art is at a loss: the old skull and crossbones is not only ugly and unpleasant, but unmeaning, or at least superfluous, and the classical symbols of the ancients are out of place. The inverted torch would, with more significance, be supplanted by an extinguisher on a candle, and the lachrymatory by a handkerchief; the urn reminds us of the tea-table, and the sarcophagus of the cellar under the sideboard; wreaths and garlands are become mere ornaments, and as for the fasces, the scales, and the helmet, a policeman's truncheon, a bearskin cap, and a horsehair wig, should be their substitutes. This is not a poetical age; fitting emblems are few, and not very intelligible: a flower snapped from the stalk is almost the only graceful and expressive emblem of youth and innocence. In the Kensal Green cemetery is a tomb with a dead lamb sculptured on it, which, besides looking unsightly, awakens ideas of the shambles; and we remember to have seen a dead bird which at once carries you to the poultry-er's. The broken column is not so bad; but these, and all similar emblems, are anything but hopeful. The Greeks symbolized the soul by a butterfly; we, in this material age, typify the soul in a bodily form. If it were wished to express the changes the mortal part of us undergoes after death, our scientific notions might suggest a retort and receiver. Not being a poetical people, we are, therefore, incompetent either to invent or understand symbols, and it were best to avoid them altogether.

Mr. Tottie's designs for monuments consist of plans and elevations of headstones, tablets, cenotaphs, obelisks, &c., mostly of handsome proportions; and, setting aside his introduction of the conventional symbols, which are obviously inapplicable, they are in good taste. But something more in accordance with the ideas and feelings of the intelligent is a desideratum, to assist our choice of simple sepulchral memorials.

Annals, Christmas Presents, &c.

The Architectural Annual.—It is the pleasure of the publishers to call the first volume of M. Gailhabaud's 'Ancient and Modern Architecture,' the 'Architectural Annual.' For ourselves, we should have been sorry had we done the work such injustice; it is both useful and valuable, and, in our opinion, worth all the *Annals* of the season. We have heretofore, and from time to time, noticed the several Parts, as published; but may here observe that it contains plans, elevations, and details of some of the most interesting buildings in the world—from the Hindoo

temple of Elora, and the Egyptian at Ehsamboul to the Invalides at Paris, including specimens of Persian, Pelagian, Celtic, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Byzantine, and Gothic, with descriptions by Langlois, Jomard, Raoul Rochette, Kugler, and other distinguished men, and an introduction by Mr. Donaldson.

For thus classifying *London Interiors*, with their *Costumes and Ceremonies*, we are ourselves responsible: but it is an Annual in its style of getting up, and in the sort of showy surface-work of its engravings, and admirably suited as a present for country cousins, and not without interest even for Londoners. It contains *fifty views*,—three in Buckingham Palace, the Throne Room, the Picture Gallery, and the Queen's Painting Room; four in St. James's Palace; the Houses of Lords and Commons, Westminster Hall, &c.; Guildhall, with the inauguration of the Lord Mayor, &c.; three of Westminster Abbey; St. Paul's, the Temple Church, the Athenæum, the Reform Club, and other works of like character and interest.

Puss in Boots, illustrated by Otto Speckter.—Otto Speckter's original Puss is an Angora of superfine fur. Mr. Haghe's copy, too, would be "tabby all over" (for explanation of which, see Walpole), if we had not Speckter's etchings to remind us that some valuable points in expression and character have been lost in the copy, and that one of the most charming designs, 'Puss Snaring the Partridges,' has been altogether omitted in Mr. Murray's edition. 'Puss and the Partridges,' 'Puss and the Woodman,' and 'Reapers and Theophilus bathing,' satisfy us that Speckter has a stronger feeling for landscape than for the human figure, in the drawing of which, though German, he does not excel; indeed, he is indebted to Mr. Haghe for some occasional improvement in this respect, whilst full justice is not done in the English edition, to the landscapes. But how does it happen that Mr. Murray, with love and knowledge of the best in Art, has taken a copy of these clever designs, rather than the designs themselves, which surely might have been procured, as we believe they were executed by Speckter on steel? We wish we had space to examine these designs in detail, for their merit really deserves it. They tell the story excellently well, though rather in the prose spirit of everyday life, than the poetical one of fairy and supernatural doings. The etchings are delicately finished something in the style of Ostade, and great care has been taken with the secondary parts, as much as with the important. Mr. Haghe's lithographs are also excellent in their way; and the work will be a useful auxiliary in promoting that taste for higher art in children's books, which has of late been pleasantly manifest.

Felix Summery's Hand Book for the National Gallery. With Reminiscences of the most Celebrated Pictures by John James and W. Linnell.—By some accident, this illustrated edition escaped our observation at the time of publication, and it is only now, when clearing our shelves, that we might begin the new year with a clear conscience, that we have chanced to stumble on it. No matter, its own merits will have made it known; and all we desire is to say a word in recognition and commendation of the young artists "John James and W. Linnell." But as we have had occasion to notice the work, let us hint to Felix Summery that he has not been quite so careful as usual, or as becomes him. Thus page 48, our only picture by J. Van Eyck is said to be "a perfect specimen of the colouring of this old German painter," whereas, p. 63, we are told that Van Eyck belonged to "the Flemish school"—three pages further, p. 66, the writer appears to have had some misgivings on the subject, for Van Eyck is again adduced as our sole illustrator of "The German School," while in the next page, 67, he falls back into the rank as a "Flemish Artist."—To make the blundering complete, we are told, page 48, that the picture cost 600 guineas, while 600*l.* is the price named at page 69. These are minor matters—but carelessness is not a minor matter, and we have so often and so heartily commended Felix Summery that we cannot allow him to escape censure when he deserves it.

Little Princes: Anecdotes of Illustrious Children of all Ages and Countries, by Mr. J. Slater, with illustrative Sketches, by J. C. Horsley.—A book that deserves approbation for itself, and a good word for its decorations, some of which are among the best we have seen from Mr. Horsley's pencil.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mass for Four Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, by Thomas Scarisbrick.—Mr. Scarisbrick has obviously studied good models, though not of the highest order, in church composition: for Mozart and Haydn, to whom he is much indebted, are only safe guides when they rise above the symphonic or operatic forms, with which their service music abounds, to emulate the high-toned solemnities of Palestrina, Bach, and Handel. Our author may be less frivolous than some other modern Catholic writers: but there are passages in his 'Gloria,' 'Benedictus,' and 'Donna' of a secular character, in which we think he would not have indulged had he been sufficiently alive to the distinction above drawn, and which we conceive to be of vital importance. A bald and mechanical imitation of the formality of the ancient masters, is not the thing desired—but without their spirituality, all Religious Art must stiffen into pedantry, or drive away into frivolity. Mr. Scarisbrick's one or two attempts at the severe style in this Mass, are not its happiest portions. The accentuation of the Latin words, too, as in the 'Qui tollis,' is more than once awkward: still there is enough aspiration and care obvious in this Mass, to justify a good word from the critic, and to induce the writer to try again, with fair hopes of a result more satisfactory.

The third part of Mr. T. F. Walmisley's *Sacred Songs*, completes his first volume. As far as recollection serves us, it is not equal to its predecessors. 'Blessed are they that mourn' (in spite of a syncope thrust in to break the ballad rhythm) is essentially little more serious in style than 'The old house at home,' or 'I am not fair, I am not gay.' There is a want of design in the setting of Keble's 'Sweet nurselings of the vernal skies.' Bishop Middleton's 'Memory' is but a slow *cavatina* for a close stage scene; while the Marquis of Wellesley's elegant translation of his own Latin poem '*Salix Babylonica*,' is as little susceptible of musical illustration, as so simply-phrased a poem can be. Didactic verse has little affinity with vocal melody and expression: nor can we fancy a place or a circumstance to which the mixture before us is adaptable.

The cause of "the million" does not gain by such aimless publications as '*Music for the Million*,' two numbers of which come next under consideration. Pandora Waltzes, and Jullien's Scotch Quadrilles, are queer companions to Arne's 'Where the bee sucks,' and Danby's 'Fair Flora,' though both song and glee are here made to "trip it merrily" by the introduction of modish accompaniments. Nor is the overture to 'Fra Diavolo,' with its drum and trumpet work, a pianoforte piece, which one pair of hands in two million can render effective.

The solitary instrumental publication before us, a *Rondino for the Pianoforte*, by Jules Benedict, is one of that clever composer's earlier works, in which his pupillage under Weber may be discerned by all who are familiar with the forms of that picturesque composer. The piece will be found sufficiently arduous in practice, to justify the omission of the Italian diminutive from the title: the passages being neither hackneyed nor easy. Another of Messrs. Ewer & Co.'s publications is '*The Siren*,' a series of vocal duets by German composers, with English words adapted by Mr. Bartholomew: who, let us here say, is one of our more careful adapters. The specimen before us, by Reissiger, is not peculiarly interesting,—the vocal phrases being unusually well-worn: whatever charm there is, must reside in the accompaniment. To all seductions of this kind, English singers are indolently deaf; and hence (among other causes) the partial acceptance which the songs of Schubert have met with amongst them.

To conclude—after the fashion of the theatres, with a farce—we have *Father Mathew's Quadrilles!* the great hydropathist figuring at the head of *Pantalon*, Earl Stanhope as *L'Élé*, Total Abstinence standing for *La Poule*, the Pledge being taken at *Trénise*, and the medal distributed by way of *Finale*. (N.B. No waltz permitted as in common *tipsy* sets.) The tunes are not worse than usual: but we looked in vain for one melody which ought to have figured, by way of example and encouragement on the occasion—'*The Jolly Young Waterman*!'

MISCELLANEA

The Broadway Church, Westminster. (From a Correspondent).—On Thursday last this new Church was consecrated by the Bishop of London. This edifice, built from the designs of Mr. Poynter, is of more than usual pretensions among modern gothic churches, being the first that has been built in the metropolis with stone. The exterior is faced with Kentish rag, with Bath stone quoins and dressings, and the arches and the whole of the moulded and carved work within are also of Bath stone. The chancel, raised by six steps above the body of the Church, forms an apsis, and is highly decorated with carving and painting, and a stained window by Willement. There is another stained window in the south aisle, forming a back-ground to the front, which is of large size, and elaborately carved. The style of the building is that of the latter part of the 13th century, and the architect has introduced cast iron columns for the support of the nave arches, not in disguise, but adapted to the characteristics of the architecture. Considering the growing use and importance of cast iron in constructive architecture, it would be well if this sort of adaptation were more studied. The west front of the building rises to the height of about 67 feet, and as the roof is of open timber work, the interior effect is strikingly lofty. It is intended to complete this building with a spire 200 feet in height, but from a deficiency of funds the tower has as yet reached little more than a fourth of this elevation.

Creta Lavis.—Preparations of drawing chalk in various colours, and some specimens of works produced by them, have been submitted to us by Messrs. Wolff & Sons. These specimens we had no hesitation in pronouncing powerful and effective; but we thought it right to forward the material itself, to one more competent than ourselves to offer an opinion, and he reports favourably of it—that it is well suited for sketching, as it enables the artist to give colour as well as outline, which does not rub off in the portfolio. Accompanying specimens of their lead pencils were less satisfactory. Those designed for the use of architects and engineers are hard enough, but want depth of colour; and the common pencil is as good, perhaps better, than those commonly met with; but that is no great praise, for it is next to impossible to get a good common pencil.

Patent Fire Escape.—A Mr. Thompson has invented what he calls a *Domestic Safety Belt*, for the protection of life from fire. The machine was exhibited opposite our office in Wellington-street, and appeared to be simple, ingenious, and likely to be practically useful. It is proposed to affix the escape outside a house, so that it may be immediately available for a whole neighbourhood, and as the cost is only 1*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, it is to be the property of those inhabitants who pay one shilling towards the expense of erecting it. It is contained in a box five feet four inches high, seventeen inches wide, and six feet in depth, which contains nine poles, sufficient to reach forty feet, and fifty yards of rope and the web belt, which will bear half a ton in weight. A man, it is said, can take the escape from the box, raise the cord forty feet from the ground, fix it, ascend, and descend with a person in his arms in one minute—certainly in a very short time, as we had an opportunity of observing.

Twelfth-Night Characters.—These have been selected from the plays of Shakspeare, and designed and drawn on stone by Mr. Alpenny, in the hope that while they offer abundant materials for mirth, they will be free from coarseness and vulgarity. The idea was a good one—so good that we wish the execution had been better.

A merry Christmas to you.—Mr. Felix Summery welcomes his young friends on their return for the holidays. He has accordingly just issued a fanciful, or rather festival card, wherein they are pleasantly reminded, not only of the pleasures, but of the duties of the season. It represents, in a central picture, a merry family, age and youth together, enjoying the festivities of Christmas, while the pretty frame-work in which the picture is set suggests the charities that should not be forgotten.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—J. E. H.—J. P. B.—received. We have stated twenty times, at least, that correspondents who forward us information should send, in confidence, their names and addresses. If they do not, we cannot notice their communications.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CXLV.,

was published YESTERDAY.

- Contents.
- I. The Vaudais Church, and the King of Sardinia.
 - II. Life of William Taylor, of Norwich—Correspondence with Southey.
 - III. Capetique on the Bourbons.
 - IV. College Life, and College Debt.
 - V. Discoveries by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.
 - VI. Change for the American Notes.
 - VII. Biographies of German Leaders.
 - VIII. Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.
 - IX. The Guillotine.

John Murray, Albemarle-street.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CLIX.,

will be published on FRIDAY next, December 29th.

- Contents.
- I. Recent French Historians—Michelet's History of France.
 - II. Captain Sir Edward Belcher's Voyage round the World—Proceedings of the French in the Pacific.
 - III. Andrew Marshall.
 - IV. Commercial Tariffs.—The German Zollverein.
 - V. Parliamentary Reports on Juvenile and Female Labour.
 - VI. The Countess Hahn-Hahn's Writings.
 - VII. Ireland.

London: Longman & Co. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

THE SCHOLASTIC QUARTERLY REVIEW,

to advocate the cause of the Schoolmaster, and support the Educational Institutions of England. Published for the Proprietors by Sherwood, Gilbert & Piper, and may be had of all Booksellers.

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.

THE METROPOLITAN, for JANUARY, will contain an important Article on the approaching IRISH STATE TRIALS. There will also be a number of other interesting Articles in this the first number of The Metropolitan for the New Year.

London: Saunders & Otley, Publishers, Conduit-street; J. Cumming, Dublin: Bell & Bradfute, Edinburgh.

THE JOURNAL OF THE AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE

will contain the commencement of a New Work by WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq.

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ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

The First Number for the New Year, of COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

Will contain, among various other interesting Articles.—Original Memoirs and Anecdotes of the late Prince Talleyrand—Narrative of a Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, Athens, and Naples, by the Marchioness of Londonderry—Barak Johnson, or, the Blind Witness, by Agnes Strickland, with an Illustration by Leech.—A Visit to the Residence of Rousseau, by Mrs. Trollope—besides contributions by Horace Smith, Laman Blanchard, Peter Frings, the Medical Student, and Poems by Fiza Cook, the late L.E.L., &c. &c.

N.B.—The New Year being a favourable opportunity for commencing a periodical, those who may desire to take in THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE are requested to give their orders without delay, to their respective Booksellers.

Henry Colburn, Publisher, 13, Great Marlborough-street.

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AND COMIC MISCELLANY.

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Dickson's theory, that the type of Disease in general is periodical, there can be no doubt of its applicability to the present, which is essentially Periodical, whether the type be long primer, brevier, or bourgeois. It appears, moreover, by the rapid consumption of food for the day, as well as a provision for the future, or the relief of such afflicted classes, the Editor, assisted by able Humourists, will dispense a series of papers and woodcuts, which it is hoped will cheer the gloom of West End Walk, and the loneliness of Wilderness Row—sweeten the bitterness of Camomile Street, and Wormwood Street—smooth the ruffled temper of Cross Street, and enable even Crooked Lane to unbend itself! It is hardly necessary to promise that this end will be pursued with out-raising a Maiden Blush, much less a Damask, in the nursery grounds of modesty—or trespassing, by wanton personalities, on the private life of any individual. In a word, it will aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise.

Under these circumstances, no apology is necessary for the present undertaking; but Custom, which exacts an Overture to the new Opera, and a Prologue to new Plays, requires a few words of Introduction to a new Monthly Magazine.

One prominent object, then, of the projected Publication, as implied by the sub-title of "Comic Miscellany," will be the supply of harmless "Mirth for the Million," and light thoughts, to a Public sorely oppressed—if its word be worth a rush, or its complaints of an ounce weight—by hard times, heavy taxes, and those "eating cares" which attend on the securing of food for the day, as well as a provision for the future, or the relief of such afflicted classes, the Editor, assisted by able Humourists, will dispense a series of papers and woodcuts, which it is hoped will cheer the gloom of West End Walk, and the loneliness of Wilderness Row—sweeten the bitterness of Camomile Street, and Wormwood Street—smooth the ruffled temper of Cross Street, and enable even Crooked Lane to unbend itself! It is hardly necessary to promise that this end will be pursued with out-raising a Maiden Blush, much less a Damask, in the nursery grounds of modesty—or trespassing, by wanton personalities, on the private life of any individual. In a word, it will aim at being merry and wise, instead of merry and otherwise.

For the Sedate, there will be papers of a becoming gravity; and the lover of Poetry will be supplied with numbers in each Number.

As to Politics, the Reader of Hood's MAGAZINE will vainly search in its pages for a Panacea for Agricultural Distress, or a Grand Catholicon for Irish Agitation; he will uselessly seek to know whether we ought to depend for our bread on foreign farmers, or more on our own; or whether the repeal of the Union would produce low rents, and only three quarter days; Neither must he hope to learn the proper Terms of Reform, nor even where a Finality man means Campbell's Last Man, or an Undertaker.

A total abstinence from such stimulating topics and fermented questions is, indeed, ensured by the established character of the Editor, and his notorious aversion to party spirit. To borrow his own words, from a letter to the Proprietors: "I am no Politician, and far from instructed on those topics which, to parody a common phrase, gentlemen's newspapers should be without. Thus, for any knowledge of mine, the Irish Prosecutions may be for pirating the Irish Melodians; the Pennsylvania's may have repudiated their wives; Duff Green may be a place, like Goose Green; Prince Polignac a dahlia or a carnation, and the Duc de Bordeaux a tulip. The Spanish affairs I could never master, even with a Pronouncing Dictionary at my elbow; it would puzzle me to say whether Queen Isabella's majority is or is not equal to Sir Robert Peel's; or if the shelling the Barceloneta was done with bombs and mortars, or the nutcrackers. Prim may be a quaker, and the whole Civil War about the Seville Oranges. Nay, even on domestic matters nearer home, my profound political ignorance leaves me in doubt on questions concerning which the newsmen's boys and printers' devils have formed very decided opinions; for example, whether the Corn Law League ought to extend beyond three miles from Mark Lane—or the Sliding Scale should regulate the charges at the Glaciarium; what share the Welch Whigs have had in the Welch Riots, and how far the Revs. and the Bishops are to be blamed for the late Brahmin Bull. On all such public subjects I am less on *safe* than that Publicist the Potboy, at the public-house, with the Insolvent sign, The Hog in the Pound."

Polemics will be excluded with the same rigour, and especially the Tractarian Schism. The reader of Hood's MAGAZINE must not hope, therefore, to be told whether an old Protestant Church ought to be plastered with Roman Cement; or, if a design for a new one should be submitted to the wise Newtons and the colours. And most egregiously will he be disappointed, should he look for Controversial Theology in our Poet's Corner. He might as well expect to see Queens of Sheba, and divided babies, from wearing Solomon's Species!

For the rest, a critical eye will be kept on our current Literature, a regretful one on the Drama, and a kind one for the Fine Arts, from whose Artesian Well there will be an occasional drawing.

With this brief, explanatory Announcement, Hood's MAGAZINE and COMIC MISCELLANY is left to recommend itself by its own merits to those enlightened judges, the Reviewers; and to that impartial jury—too vast to pack in any case—the British Public.

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